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ONE DOLLAR A-YEAR.

### OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

The subject of "International Copyright," of which we have several times spoken, appears at last to have settled in its discussion down to complete quietness again. The visit of Mr. Dickens to this country has undoubtedly resulted in great disappointment to him. That he left England as a sort of minister with plenary powers from the English authors, to negotiate for the enactment of a law for their benefit, is rendered evident by the correspondence which followed him to this country, and was displayed in the public prints, with all the circumstance of official promulgation. But the disinterested efforts of our friends across the water, and the missionary visit of Mr. Dickens have all failed together. The utmost strength of the advocates of the proposal to give privilege to our English friends at our own expense, has been put out, and abortively. The matter now stands in a better position for the friends of cheap literature and popular reading, than it did before this demonstration. While no very important step had been taken, it seemed that the advocates of the law might be a very formidable party; for having in many, and indeed in almost all cases, possession of the public ear through the Press, they did not fail to keep up a very imposing din. Now, however, that they have exhausted their power, and that the other side has also spoken, the people, who have attentively considered the arguments upon both sides, have quietly but finally decided *against* the proposed International Copyright.

Among the arguments which have been presented in favor of continuing the present state of things, we think that the Jonathan establishment has presented some of the most sensible and tangible. We allude generally to the republication of the works of admired English writers through the columns of this paper, and through the columns of this magazine. The adoption of an international copyright law, it should be understood, would not merely prevent the booksellers from issuing reprints in volumes, except at a greatly increased cost over the present, but would shut out from the columns of our newspapers the English magazine and serial articles. Long and minute details of crime, and prosy and circumstantial accounts of coroner's inquests, criminal examinations, and it may be of prize fights, would take the place of the useful and entertaining literary matter which now makes American newspapers excellent literary periodicals, as well as mere records of accidents and offences. Our newspapers would become more like the European—a consummation *not* devoutly to be wished, however much it may suit the purposes of some people to underrate the American newspaper press.

But what we intended particularly to speak of, is the republication of English light works in the form of newspaper extras, by the Jonathan Establishment. In this way have been issued *Zanoni*, and a volume of Poetry by Bulwer, Father Connell, by Banim, and Gaspar the Pirate, from the Dublin University Magazine. In every case the Jonathan Reprint was the first American republication. The cost of these works, to the purchaser, in every case except the first, was one shilling each, and the circulation of each, under such circumstances, and the facilities offered by the United States mail, has been enormous—exceeding by far, the circulation of any works heretofore published in this country, in so short a time.

The next work issued in an extra form from this establishment, will be the tale now in course of publication in the Magazine—*The Maestro Del Campo*. Readers of the Magazine will not, of course, purchase

this extra, unless their impatience to discover what becomes of the good Hernandez, the pretty Maria, the worthy Dean of the butchers and his friends, and the cruel Maestro del Campo, should lead them into the extravagance of a shilling. Following the Maestro, some story by a popular writer will issue, as soon as the publishers determine upon one which shall be likely to satisfy the expectations of the readers of the Jonathan republications.

## ALONZO DE ULLOA, EL MAESTRO DEL CAMPO.

A ROMANCE:—BY FELIX BORGAKERTS.  
Translated from the Twelfth Antwerp Edition,  
BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE OATH—THE UNKNOWN.

The close of our last chapter left the butchers of Ghent wrought up to the shouting point, in their retreat in the hotel of St. Jean Baptiste. Even the venerable, and usually prudent Dean partook of the enthusiasm of the moment; but suddenly recollecting himself, and gesticulating to his friends to resent themselves, and speak in a tone more guarded, "*Prudentia, prudentia, per Deos immortales!*" he cried. Having gained them over to comparative quiet, he continued—"And now, my children, will you promise to agree to what I shall request of you?"

"We will promise it, worthy Dean," said Jean Hamer, in a tone decided, yet tinged a little with chagrin, for he saw his hopes of an early encounter with the Spaniards vanish in the altered manner of the Dean of the Guild.

"Promise me then to be ready to follow, on the moment that you hear me cry '*Flandre au Lion!*' Rally, butchers and fullers of Ghent!"

"By Saint Michael and Satan whom he holds beneath his feet!" cried Jean Hamer, agreeably surprised at the nature of the promise required, and striking upon the table a blow with both clenched hands at once, which that came near to demolish it, "we will promise it—we will swear it!"

"Permit me still," said the Dean deprecatingly, "to hold prudence as our guide—that *divum munus*, that present from the gods, as the poet justly calls it."

"We will swear it!" was the general cry.

"*Recte*, my children—very well; and meanwhile place your whole confidence in God. But come, it grows late, *majeresque cadunt altis de montibus umbra*, as saith the shepherd Tityrus; it will be dangerous to remain in conclave much longer, but before we separate let us have one more bumper together." Then signing with his goblet to his companions, he said: "To the expulsion of the Spaniards and the re-establishment of our liberty!"

All rose at these words, and filling to the brim, surrounded their brave chief, and were about to repeat his toast with enthusiasm, when, falling back a step from the group, the Dean said suddenly "Silence! Silence! and set down your glasses!"

This unexpected order struck them all with astonishment—the butchers and fullers looked anxiously at the Dean, who had taken the attitude a man whose ear had caught a distant alarm. "By Olympus," he said, in a low voice—"move not an inch!" A vague inquietude agitated his countenance—no person dared to interrogate him. "No," he continued, "my ears did not deceive me. My friends, there is some tumult in the streets."

The clamors which had caught the ear of the Dean became every in-

stant more distinct, and his companions, notwithstanding the abundant libations of which they had partaken, began also very clearly to hear them.

"Vive Saint Jean Baptiste!" cried Jean Hamer, rubbing his hands joyously, "my cutlass shall have a new sheath! Allons! my friends, when there is a tumult it is necessary that the butchers and fullers should join in the frolic, because, without them"—

"Per Deos! Silence, I command you, Jean Hamer!" said the Dean, with choler, but in a low voice, "Who knows that the ears of the Spanish spies are not glued against that door?"

"Worthy Dean," replied the athletic butcher, whose joy in perceiving that there was an appearance of insurrection in the city, could no longer contain itself, "only say the word, and were they the ears of Beelzebub himself, I"—

At that instant the door opened, and a man of imposing stature entered, enveloped in a black mantle, the hood of which completely concealed his face. The butchers, who still stood about the Dean, with their goblets in hand, gazed in astonishment at this fantastic personage. The first movement of Jean Hamer was to carry his hand to his cutlass; but the prudent Dean arrested his arm, and with a gesture directed them all to reseal themselves. A painful silence reigned for some moments among the confreres—and impatience put them all to the torture, none more deeply than the Dean.

Who could be this new comer? Perhaps a spy of Ulloa, who had entered apparently single handed and audacious into that place, while a host of soldiers waited in ambush outside. In that case the confreres were lost, for without doubt every word they had uttered had been listened to. But what could be the meaning of the murmurs in the streets, which had increased from moment to moment, till they swelled to the volume of a general insurrection? Could it be a rising on the part of the people? Impossible. The Dean and his friends would certainly have been instructed in advance of any such proposed act of daring. Perhaps they had suddenly risen without concert. If so, who could lead them but the butchers and fullers? "But," said the Dean to himself, "fury and drink transport them now—they will kill without cause and without mercy." This distracting idea, and all the conjectures which we have recounted, threw the old Dean into the most melancholy perplexity when the unknown entered the chamber. The latter cast a careless glance at the group assembled, and passed to the little table beneath the lamp, where he seated himself and called for refreshment, in a tone which indicated a man accustomed to be obeyed. The landlord hastened to answer the call, and presented the new guest with his beer, with a deferential bow. The unknown tasted the beverage, and then placed it upon the table with an air which seemed to say, "touch it who dares!" and all the company burned with impatience to see the features of one whose herculean frame and sonorous voice marked a man not easily intimidated.

"The coquin is as full of defiance as an enraged bull," said one of the butchers, in a low voice, to Jean Hamer.

"By the hatchet of my father, but he must not be too saucy with his horns!" said Jean, in the same low tone, but bursting with the loud defiance he longed to hurl at the new comer.

The host collected together the remains of the fire, and threw upon it some dry branches, the blaze of which revealed to the butchers the appearance of the stranger, whom his dress and the obscurity had hitherto concealed. It was one of those countenances the expression of which either fascinates the gaze of all upon whom it falls, or compels them to avert their heads in affright. Meshes of red hair escaped in disorder from under his hood, and mixed with his rough and neglected beard.—His eyes, shaded by deep shaggy brows, burned with a brightness supernatural; and his whole figure, in fine, bore the triple type of genius, courage, and debauch. To see that horrible face, in the red glare of the fire, the head surmounted with the plume of flame from the lamp, it required no very active imagination to fancy it the incarnation of the spirit of evil.

The sight of this singular personage produced a deep effect upon the friends of the Dean; and while the stranger swallowed without interruption, large draughts of the popular nectar, the butchers uttered among themselves, in a low voice, a thousand suppositions and conjectures—"If I were sure that he was a spy," said Jean Hamer, leaning towards the Dean, "I"—

"*Prudentia, prudentia!*" whispered the Dean, whose thoughts run always in that channel, "if he is one there must be at this moment a hundred others in the street, otherwise he would not have dared to venture in here; *ergo*, the struggle will be too unequal for us."

"He is a demon or a sorcerer," said a fuller.

"Stretch him upon the fire, and make the experiment whether he will burn!" said Jean Hamer.

While they thus conversed the stranger rose from his seat, coolly advanced to the butchers, and passing his hands with an air of easy confidence beneath the folds of his mantle, he said, "My presence, I perceive, has put an end to your pleasant discourse, my brave fellows. If I am not deceived, my coming has produced the effect upon you, that the apparition of the hand of God produced at the feast of Belshazzar."—The only reply the confreres made was to fix on him a look of calm and courageous disdain, and he proceeded: "When I entered, your hands were raised to touch each other's goblets—why did you desist?"

At this question Jean Hamer could contain himself no longer. He had twenty times rather have died upon the instant, than have permitted the stranger to believe for a moment, that his unattended arrival had sufficed to reduce to the silence of fear, the redoubtable butchers and fullers of Ghent. He sprang up, transported with rage, and unheeding all the efforts of the Dean, to induce him to calm language and manners—"In the name of the devil, who doubtless sent you here," he cried to the man in the mantle, "do you believe, by any chance, that your coming frightened us? We made a noise because it pleased us—we have since been silent, because we chose; and if we took a fancy to begin again, not you no yours, though you be a thousand, should say to the butchers and fuller of this city, 'Silence, you fellows!'"

"Keep quiet, Jean!" said the Dean, quitting his curule chair to throw himself between the butcher and the unknown—"it belongs to the father to speak before his children." Then turning to the stranger whose features beamed with lively satisfaction at the rude address and bearing of Jean Hamer, he continued: "You know who we are, and you know how treacherous are the times. Brother hardly dares to trust brother, and our good city resembles unfortunate Rome, in the time of Marius and of Sylla; *ergo*, as said the sage and prudent Laocoon to his fellow-citizens: '*equo ne credite, Teucri.*'"

"I understand, it is proper," said the stranger, interrupting the Dean. "It is for him who arrives to make himself first known, that he may not be regarded as a Philistine in the camp of Israel. But," said he, seizing his glass, and presenting it to those of the Dean and his companions, "make me amends for your suspicion. Drink with me, 'Death to the last of the Spaniards in our country!' May the angel of the wrath of God strike them, and exterminate them, as in other days he struck and exterminated the army of the impious king Sennacherib!"

These energetic words electrified the auditory. The butchers clashed their goblets against that of the stranger, and repeated his imprecation after him, but their still doubting and careful Dean, who kept always between them and the stranger, imposed silence upon his compeers, and, taking hand of the unknown, said: "Your words have the appearance of entire frankness, *concedo*, I acknowledge; but our situation continually reminds us of the fate of the unfortunate fellow-citizens of old Priam. *Ergo*, how ate we to know that the sentiments of your heart accord with those your tongue professes?"

"God, who hears me, knows it," replied the unknown with warmth, and, raising his arm toward heaven, he continued: "If a lie opened my lips when I said 'Death to the Spaniard' may the vengeance of God open the earth under my feet, to swallow me up as it devoured Korah, Dathan, and Abiram!"

This frightful oath almost assured the Dean,—he advanced his glass, but before he touched that of the stranger—"Two words more," said he, "and we shall willingly drink with you to the accomplishment of your wishes. Who are you? Whence came you? and what brings you to this city?"

"I am Pierre Dathénus—I came from Ypres—and I am here to preach the new faith, at the risk of losing my head, proscribed by the tyrants of this impious Babylon!" As he said this he threw behind him his large mantle, and took the imposing attitude of a gladiator, who places the victor's foot upon the breast of his vanquished antagonist. At a name so well known and so powerful as that of Dathenus, the butchers and



fullers uncovered their heads, and bowed respectfully to the RED PREACHER, as the Spaniards called him, from the color of his always dishevelled hair.

"You know me, brothers. The slaves of Baal have put a price upon my head. They have said the prophet is a false prophet, and a vile; let his tongue be heard no more among us! But the Lord has taken me by the hand—he calls me to the midst of his people to take part in the great struggle which is to end in their deliverance. Yes, brethren, end of the the days of your long trial is here, and the impious Ahab is to be thrown down from the gilded height of his tyranny. Too long has the earth bowed the knee before the gods of the Canaanites! The Lord has spoken in his mercy and power. Rise and gird yourselves for the combat, he says to-day! I will march with you, and put my enemies under your feet!"

These solemn words, pronounced with the warm tone of inspiration, excited in the audience an enthusiasm that the Dean could no longer control, and, indeed, that prudent worthy felt himself moved by the power of the biblical style which characterised the vehement language of Dathenus.

"Lead us to the battle! Lead us to victory!" cried Jean Hamer, brandishing his cutlass.

"The moment is favorable," said the others—"there is this instant a tumult in the streets. Forward, then! *En avant les bouchers! En avant les fouders!*"

"*Prudentia, prudentia!* my children," said the Dean, seeking yet to calm the frantic rage which had seized his companions—"the seigneur Dathenus only meant to say that when the day of deliverance shall come, then we will march to confront our enemies; *atqui*, but—"

"Brother," said the apostle, interrupting the Dean, and giving his voice the authority of that of a minister from heaven, "he who closes his ear to the commands of the Lord, is as a man dead. When the day of the Lord shall come, you say, we will gird on our swords and go forth to the combat. And by what signs more portentous than those which now strike your eyes, do you wait to see the great day announced? The oppression which weighs you down, is it less painful, less frightful than that under which the children of Israel groaned in the land of Egypt, when the Lord sent Moses to lead them out of their captivity? Is it possible that your woes can be farther increased?"

"No, no, *concedo totum*," replied the Dean, sighing, "and those who will recount our griefs hereafter to their children, may well say like pious Æneas to queen Dido, *horresco referens!*"

"And why, then, wait you? Will you suffer the scaffold and the axe to devour you all, one after another? And as you march to the gibbet, will you say to those who bide their time till the morrow, 'Brothers, wait patiently, console yourselves, for the day of the Lord has not yet come?' Will you suffer, then, these Midianites to exterminate your wives and your children, as they have this hour sworn to do?"

"What said you then?" cried the Dean, hastily; "what new horror has occurred in our unfortunate city?"

"How, brothers!" exclaimed the Red Preacher, "are you, who are among your fellow citizens what the soldiers of Gideon were among the children of Israel—are you ignorant what is at this moment the cry of the Babylonians! Are you ignorant of what has spread consternation and despair among the whole people?"

"Completely ignorant," replied the Dean, chagrined. "When you entered, we had just heard the noise at a distance, and it is your presence which has kept us here so long in despite of ourselves."

"Yes, yes," added Hamer, "but for that we should already have had a thrust at these vile Midianites, as you call them, and our cutlasses would already have opened a goodly number of the Babylonian throats which make such outcry!"

"Eh bien! you have yet to learn then, that this race of vipers swear to set fire to your houses, to ravish your women, and to put the rest of the popu' on to the sword!"

"The sword that—by Saint—by the holy"—jerking his cap from his head, and unable in his excitement to find terms strong enough to finish his imprecation—

"But what event has inspired them with this new rage—*Unde ira?*" demanded the dean, violently agitated.

"I have seen them," continued the Preacher, "these satellites of

Moab, drag before the tyrant whom they call their Maestro, and heap insult and torture on an unfortunate old man whom you all love!"

"Who! Who, then?" demanded in a voice, the indignant auditors.

"A just man—a man according to the heart of God—the venerable Don Hernandez!"

"Don Hernandez!" said the Dean in grieved surprise—"that excellent citizen, whose pillow is blessed with the benedictions of the poor, and whose daily path is followed by the gratitude of the miserable whom he has succored!"

"Hernandez!" cried Hamer, choking with choler—"death and male diction to those who would lay a finger upon him!"

"The miserable Amalekites," continued the Red Preacher, "forced into his house, and dragged him forth with greater violence and indignity than they inflict upon the vilest criminal, accusing him with loud cries of having killed two soldiers who were billeted upon him."

"My patron Saint! Grant that be true!" exclaimed Hamer.

"And while I speak to you, brothers, that unfortunate man suffers under the infliction of the torture; while I stand here, they rejoice, the villains, over the torments which rack that just man. His sentence of death is written already, for I have heard the Maestro himself, that blasphemous minister of impious Jeroboam, promise his soldiers the head of Don Hernandez on the morrow. And your cutlasses, brothers, do they not chafe in their scabbards while your ears hear this recital?"

"Hernandez shall not die," cried Hamer—"we will not suffer it."

"No! no!" they cried in chorus, "we will die first!"

"We will deliver him on the instant!" Allons! *En avant bouchers! En avant fullers!*"

"Flandre au Lion!" cried the whole company, eager for the fray, and careless who heard them.

"*Recte rectissime*, my children," said the Dean, "the butchers and fullers certainly never will permit these miseries to take the life of the worthy and virtuous Don Hernandez, whose loss, to Ghent would be the loss of a father; *ergo*, it is necessary to deliver him from their hands—*concedo, concedo*."

"Vive our worthy Dean!" "Vive Dathenus!" "Vive Don Hernandez!"

"Yes," resumed the Dean, "the hour is come, in which, as I have promised you, our banner shall be unrolled to the breath of Zephyrus; but *per Deos immortales! prudentia!* my children, *prudentia!* and recollect at this moment the counsel of the poet Horatius: in all our actions it is the end that we must above all consider. It is to-morrow morning that the seigneur Dathenus tells us that the excellent Hernandez, whom God protect! will be conducted to the scaffold. *Ergo, hic, opus*: let us well take our precautions, and well digest our plans."

"It is all done," respectable Dean, said Hamer, with whom the certainty of measuring himself with the Spaniards on the morrow, made him regard the success of the undertaking in which he was occupied, as the thing in the world most sure and easy. "Permit me, *ergo*, I say"—moving his arms like the wings of a telegraph, while he tortured his memory to throw into his phrases, to render them more worthy of the attention of his auditory, some of the dialectic formulas which the Dean habitually served up: "Don Hernandez is led forth to execution, *recte*; he arrives at the place Vendredi, where we advance with our united forces, *rectissime*—*Ergo*, we cry with all our strength—Flandre au Lion! Rally burgeoise of Ghent! Support the butchers and the fullers! Rally! *Atqui*, we fall on the Spaniards, we route them, we overwhelm them, we slay them! Don Hernandez is delivered. *ergo*, and then!"

"Well, very well, Jean Hamer, the courage of the butcher and fullers is as well known as the stars, *ad sidera notus*; but if, contrary to your expectations, the citizens of Ghent refuse to come forward to our support?"

"The devil—*ergo—ergo*"—stammered Jean Hamer, who had not dreamed of that troublesome difficulty.

"And if the God of battles is with us," replied the Red Preacher, "who shall be against us? Did not David's juvenile arm pursue and kill the great Goliath? Did not Gideon with his three hundred brave men cut in pieces the army of Zebah and Zalmunna? Fear not, man, prudent and wise; the Lord saith to you to-day, as he said to his servant Joshua: Be strong and of a good courage, for the Lord thy God is with thee wheresoever thou goest. Let doubt and inquietude no more afflict your soul, brother; the people of this good city, coming to the end

of a long night of grief, will rise as one man when they hear these words: Arm yourselves for the combat, for behold the Lord hath come to put an end to your affliction; gird your loins with your harness of battle, for behold to-day your swords shall break the yoke of your shameful oppression!"

"*Recte, optime*, without doubt, brother Dathenus, we fight in a good cause, *ergo*, God will be with us, and we shall deliver Don Hernandez. Meanwhile, the confidence which we have in the protection of Olympus—of Heaven, I should say—should not make us forget the precautions with which human beings should undertake a dangerous enterprise—*ergo*, my children, hear what I have to propose. As soon as Aurora chases away the shades of night, we will go with the greatest circumspection among our friends, inform them of our purpose, and advise them to rendezvous in the Place Vendredi, with cutlasses and hatchets concealed under their garments."

"I will myself bring arms for six," said Hamer.

"And to avoid suspicion, we must take care," continued the Dean, "not to repair to the place until the crowd pours into it."

"To us the men of Flanders! Vive Hernandez! To the devil with Spain! Piff! Paff!" hissed and growled Hamer, violently gesticulatory. He could not contain his hatred, to hear patiently the worthy Dean's plan of the campaign against the objects of it.

"We will disperse ourselves amongst the people," continued the Dean, "and excite their indignation against the Spaniards. We will tell them that Hernandez has been unjustly condemned—that his death will, if permitted, be our crime—*ergo*—that we must save him."

"That's it!" cried Jean Hamer, whose joy at the approaching contest he could not repress. "I see through it all. The citizens will become furious as wounded bullocks—they are agitated—they mourn for Hernandez—they crowd upon the soldiers—they shout—they swear—"

"Hernandez arrives, we shout Flandre au Lion!" added the Dean.

"Flandre au Lion!" shouted the confreres in chorus.

"We fall on the Babylonians!" continued Jean Hamer, throwing his arms about him, as if he were already in the fray.

"And Hernandez is rescued!" added several of the butchers.

"Yes," said the Dean, "*favente Deo*, it shall be so, my children.—Now let us distribute the posts which each is to occupy during the struggle. Fiere Dathenus, where shall you station yourself?"

"I and mine," said the Red Preacher, "will be stationed near the scaffold. There, without doubt, the struggle will be the most violent, and the danger the greatest."

"*Recte*—thanks, brother. You, Jean Hamer," said the Dean, addressing the stalwart and courageous butcher, "you shall hold yourself, with thirty friends, at the mouth of the square, to keep head against the Spaniards who will rush on while the rescue is attempted."

"Not a soul shall pass, except over my dead body," cried Hamer, striking his hands together.

"There will we support you, Jean Hamer," cried his generous companions.

"*Recte*, my children—very good. There station yourselves, and Heaven protect you!"

"And you, worthy Dean," said Hamer, "where will you be?"

"My children, when you fight," said the Dean, "it is my duty to watch over all. While you expose your lives in so good and just a cause, you will not find me sparing mine, *ergo*, I shall be where the danger is most imminent. Come my children—all shall go well, and to-morrow evening we will meet, I hope, to drink to the victory we have achieved."

"Vive our worthy Dean!" cried the group—"forward! The hatchets and the cutlasses!"

"To-morrow then, brothers!" said Dathenus.

"To-morrow! To-morrow!" all responded.

"One moment—one moment yet," said the Dean. "You have too soon forgotten the beautiful maxim so often repeated, of the friend of Augustus, Horatius Flaccus. In all that you do *respice finem*. When we have rescued Don Hernandez from the hands of his executioners, our task will be only half accomplished. He must be immediately removed, and concealed in some place, where he will no more fear these villains, who will doubtless rally in strong force, to retake their prey."

All comprehended that this measure was the most important which had been discussed; because among them, by it only, could the efforts of

the deliverers be crowned with success. The auditory, which had seen in the audacious attempt only blows of the cutlass and hatchet to be given, and musket balls to be received, remained for some moments checked and mute. The ingenious Dean, on whom all eyes were turned, appeared himself very much embarrassed, and passed and repassed his hand across his forehead.

"Diable!" said Jean Hamer, impatiently, "what is to be done then?"

"I have it! I have it!" cried the Dean cheerfully. "Hans Springer," he said to one of the fullers, "your house is situated in the little street aux Loups, which runs near the place Vendredi, it will serve us admirably to-morrow. You must shut yourself up there with thirty of the most determined and courageous of our friends; *atqui*; profiting by the confusion which will fill the place, Vendredi, during the struggle which will accompany and follow the rescue of Don Hernandez, we will instantly conduct him to your house."

"I wish my house was somewhere else," said Hans to himself, as he thus saw himself stationed at a distance from the combat, in which he had promised himself no inactive part.

"You will take care to barricade your doors and windows by all possible means," continued the Dean, "so that should they discover the retreat of Don Hernandez, you can, for some minutes resist, and give us time to come to your succor; *atqui*; my children, if all goes well, as we hope, it will be easy, when night shall have enveloped the city in its sombre veil, to conduct thence the old man, if we judge proper, until we find the means of conveying him safely from the city."

"I submit," said Hans with a sigh.

"Console yourself, comrade," said Jean Hamer whispering in his ear; "and do not forget to provide among thy provisions some good beer, for I am quite sure that I shall bring you your new guest."

"And now, my children," said the Dean, pressing affectionately the hands of his brave companions, "Confidence entire in God! And," raising his goblet—"and, to-morrow—Flandre au Lion!"

"Flandre au Lion!" replied the company with enthusiasm, and all the goblets were touched cheerfully to that of the brave and prudent Dean, of the dutchers guild.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### EL MAESTRO DEL CAMPO.

There are men, whose single word or action reveals their whole characters. One day four Anabaptists were condemned to be burnt at the stake, at Ghent. While the executioner placed about the stake to which they were fastened the dry wood and straw, these men, exalted by the most holy enthusiasm, sang hymns, and with a calm and firm voice invoked their heavenly father. Their tranquility of soul, in the midst of the preparations for their terrible fate, excited the fury of the Maestro. He approached them foaming with rage, and prevented the executioner from strangling them, a mournful kindness which was sometimes performed for these condemned to be burned at the stake. The flame ascended, the singing ceased, and was followed by cries and shrieks of the most excruciating pain. The Maestro heard them with an infernal joy; he rejoiced in their agony and his horrid triumph; and, to prolong their misery, and at the same time the pleasure he felt at having changed their singing to torment, he himself withdrew from the pile a part of the blazing wood: "Sing!" he cried—"Sing! you are now entirely at liberty to do so!"

Such was Alonzo De Ulloa—such the man whose name the inhabitants of Ghent pronounced only with affright, and in thinking of whom, they felt maledictions rise to their lips. He was one of those men who seem created to realize the frightful apparitions which sometimes come to us in dreams, to terrify and leave an impression on the mind which no time can efface. His stature was tall—his gestures were few, but sudden and violent. At the first glance one recognized in him a chief who was accustomed to see whatever orders he gave executed on the instant and without remark, however violent and terrible they might be. His voice was loud and harsh; when he was excited by rage, it resembled the growl of a teased hyena. His dark brow seemed marked by the seal of heaven's reprobation; and a frightful scar which traversed his face below the left eye, added yet more repulsiveness to his ferocious countenance.

The mind of the representative in Ghent of the Duke of Alva, corresponded with his appalling exterior. One sole motive seemed to guide



all his actions—that of suppressing by terror the spirit of insurrection among the people whose franchises and privileges he had trampled under his feet. To fulfil that formidable task, which Philippe II. and Ferdinand of Toledo had confided to him, he appeared to have torn from his heart all fibres which could be touched with the tears and mournful cries of the victims whom his hand, red with their blood, bound to the torture, or dragged to the scaffold or the stake. To fulfil the will of his masters, he had stifled within him the voice of conscience and the promptings of humanity; and, in fine, their instrument, he was as insensible to all emotions of pity, as is the dagger which, in the assassin's hand, is the instrument of death.

Nevertheless, if one could have found access to him when darkness and a mournful silence prevailed over the streets, he would have found that man, whose soul was esteemed inaccessible to any emotion, giving way to reflections which gave his features, now less rigid, an expression of melancholy inquietude. Every night he watched for hours at the bedside of a young man, whose happy countenance was in strong contrast with that which bent over him. The sleeper's countenance reflected the smiling joy which golden winged fays scattered over a young, ardent, and innocent soul. Now the stern Maestro would dwell upon his features with affectionate regard; and now, crossing his hands, he would raise to heaven his eyes filled with tears. Melancholy sighs escaped his oppressed breast, and on the lips which, during the day, had opened only to make menaces, and order arrests and executions, trembled fervent prayer. And when, borne down with fatigue, he was compelled to throw himself upon his own bed to seek sleepless repose, he never failed, before he left his charge, gently to impress a kiss upon the sleeper's forehead.

That young man was Don Juan.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### HERNANDEZ BEFORE THE MAESTRO.

Davila and his satellites dragged the unfortunate Hernandez before his inexorable judge. Upon seeing him brought into his presence, Ulloa's heart felt that malicious pleasure which is given by the unexpected and certain possession of the object of hate. For a long period he had desired to strike a great and terrific blow, and to bring under the hatchet of justice, or, we should rather say, of iniquity, the head of some victim whose fall would freeze with new terror that oppressed people. He saw now his wishes gratified. Hernandez was, as we have seen, one of the most intimate friends of the Count of Egmont. More than once while Egmont was imprisoned in the citadel of Ghent, Hernandez had solicited of the Maestro, courageously, but in vain, the privilege of visiting and consoling the illustrious prisoner, D'Egmont, who was about to be subjected to trial; on which trial, a terrible punishment would inevitably follow. Ulloa rejoiced in the event which placed the old man in his hands, and gave him power to perform in the city committed to his authority, the same bloody drama which the Duke of Alva was about to offer to the trembling citizens of Brussels. He rejoiced that he could sacrifice in Ghent a friend of the Count of Egmont, possessing like the latter, the esteem and affection of his fellow citizens, and whose execution would infallibly produce the same impression on the Flemings that the death of Egmont would make on the population of the Dutchy of Brabant. Ulloa could not conceal the satisfaction he felt, and a prolonged sound between a laugh and a growl escaped him—like that of a dog when he throws himself upon his prey.

Hernandez preserved before the Maestro that calm and assured attitude, which, if habitude to crime did not sometimes stifle the conscience of the guilty, would be the only proof needed to establish the innocence of the accused. The barbarous treatment which the Spaniards had heaped upon him, in conducting him to their master, had almost prostrated him. His body could with difficulty sustain itself, but his soul was strong, and his eyes were not abased either in fear or supplication before those of the Maestro. To see his appearance of calmness and dignity, one would have supposed that he came rather to demand justice than to listen to an accusation of crime. The Maestro made a gesture, and his soldiers left him alone with the prisoner. He placed himself on a fauteuil, crossed his arms, and having for some moments looked fixedly at the old man, he said: "You see then, Don Hernandez, to what your friendship for the factious Egmont has brought you!"

"Speak not thus of the noble count, seigneur," said Hernandez with

firmness: "D'Egmont is an excellent citizen, a faithful son of our holy church; he accords me his friendship, and, I hesitate not to proclaim it before you, I am proud of the ties which unite me to him."

"Those ties the sword of justice will soon sever," rudely interrupted Ulloa, irritated that the feeble old man in his power did not tremble in his presence.

"Oh say not the sword of justice," replied Hernandez in a firm voice. "The sword which strikes my unfortunate friend will rank him among martyrs."

This courageous reply made the Maestro almost bound from his seat. "It is thus," he said, "that you reason, you and all other fomenters of treason. By St. Catherine! To hear you, you are all innocent of the evils which ravage this culpable country."

"These evils, seigneur Alonzo, have not been caused by us."

"And by whom then?—by what then?"

"By injustice, violence, and oppression!"

These words, torn from the old man by his indignation, startled the Maestro. Fixing on his prisoner a look almost flaming with fury, he said—"Ah! our authority then is oppression! Our acts are violence and injustice! In the name of the four Evangelists, what are we to call the base conspiracy, which thou and thine have planned in the dark, and which was to have been consummated this very night?"

"A conspiracy!" said the old man in surprise.

"Yes—an armed insurrection which was to have commenced in a few hours—darest thou deny it still? Had Heaven not protected us, were not my soldiers to have been massacred to-night in their sleep? Who knows that the crime you committed was not the concerted signal for the general massacre!"

"I am ignorant of what you wish to say in these words; my hand has shed blood, it is true," said the old man, "but," he added, directing his eyes to heaven, "it will not stain my soul, I am sure, when it appears before the tribunal of my Maker."

"And the conspiracy?" cried Ulloa, who could no longer contain himself.

"Must be an infamous lie, invented by hate and cruelty," replied Hernandez. "The citizens of Ghent can defend themselves courageously, seigneur—but assassinate—never!"

"I tell you the plot exists!" shouted Ulloa in a fury. "This rebellious populace, of whom you have dared to be the eulogist to me—curse us—they curse the king and his laws—they wish the triumph of rebellion and heresy—they desire the death of all us Spaniards."

"They wish for peace and their rights," replied Hernandez.

"Thy accomplices—name them to me at once! The guilty—who are they?"

"The guilty seigneur, are those who were found dead in my house!"

"This is too much!" cried Alonzo, throwing his clenched hands violently behind him. Then rising and seizing Hernandez by the arm—"Insolent old man!" he continued, "the avowal that thy mouth refuses to make to me, I know well how to tear from thee in an instant. The names that thou refusest to repeat to me, thou shalt shriek to the executioners who rend thy body. I will know them, they are necessary to me—I will have them; for I have promised the heads of the conspirators to my soldiers, and they know if the Maestro promises vainly!"

"You may do with my body as you will," said Hernandez; "but my soul is in the power of God alone—His Will be accomplished, and His holy Name be blessed!"

Trembling with rage, Ulloa proceeded to the table, traced some lines, and stamped upon the floor with violence. Davila instantly answered the summons. "You will bring me in an hour the names which the torture compels the condemned to reveal," said Ulloa to his captain, giving him at the same time the warrant for the deed of torture. Don Hernandez was instantly conducted from the apartment of Ulloa, and the soldiery recommenced their imprecations and cries of joy upon again seeing their victim.

"Audacious! to dare to brave me!" said the Maestro, as he recovered himself. "And shall it be said that a dying old dastard resisted me to my face! No! no! That cannot be!" Then raising a window which opened upon the street, where still stood a crowd of the Spanish soldiers, awaiting with impatience the result of the interview of Hernandez with his judge: "Soldiers!" he cried, "may security ever hereafter reign over you! To-morrow the head of the murderer of your two bro-

thers shall fall before your eyes. The torture will compel him to reveal his accomplices, and they shall follow him to the scaffold. To us the triumph, soldiers! Vive L'Espagne! Vive Philippe II!"

And all the crowd clapping their hands cried: "Vive L'Espagne!—Death to the rebels! Death to the assassins! Mueran! Mueran!"

## CHAPTER X.

### TOO LATE!

Hardly had the Maestro thus spoken to the soldiers when Juan stood at his side. At sight of him, Ulloa softened the expression of anger which shaded his face, and strove even to call a smile to his lips which were still trembling with passion. "Don Juan," said he, giving his voice that touching tone of friendship which he knew so well how to assume when about to reproach his protégé: "Why expose yourself every evening in the streets of a city where rebellion abounds? Why did you not repair directly to me when the tumult commenced? Near me, you have nothing to fear. You will quit me no more this evening—promise me, Don Juan! But you do not reply—your hand trembles in mine!" he continued, seating the young man, and looking at him with anxiety—"you are pale, you can hardly breathe,—tell me Don Juan, what peril has menaced your life? Are you wounded? By Saint Catherine! If these cursed heretics have carried their audacity so far—but do not let suffer thus! Speak and tell me the cause of your distress!"

"The terrible words you have just pronounced—the terrible promise you have made your soldiers!" said Don Juan, pressing in despair the hand of the Maestro.

This reply struck the latter with surprise. "These words! and of what import are they to you, my friend? They deliver to punishment an insolent heretic, a renegade, the assassin of my soldiers!"

"Oh speak not this!" cried the young man with earnestness, "Don Hernandez is innocent—I say it before Heaven! Alonzo, I beseech thee do not listen to the cries which the wretches under your window send up against him. The murder of which they accuse him was a prompt chastisement, with which Divine justice struck two Spanish soldiers, who had basely insulted the old man,—who had laid violent hands on his daughter, and thrown her under their feet."

"Silence! I conjure you in the name of God, silence!"—said the Maestro, covering with his hand the mouth of the generous defender of Hernandez—"if any one overhear us, unfortunate, you will be forever lost! Again, Don Juan, whether the old man be guilty or not, what imports to you his death, which the soldiers demand of me?"

"By all that is dear to thee on earth!" said the young man, throwing himself on his knees before Ulloa, "stay the hands of those furies whose blind hate excites them against him. Listen, Don Alonzo! Hernandez must be saved—*must be*, at any price! It is the last grace that I will demand of thee—it is the only benefit I desire of thee. Thou canst not refuse me, Don Alonzo—by the friendship thou hast ever had for me save the life of this unfortunate old man—save *him*, and my entire life is thine!"

In listening to these words, Alonzo Ulloa recoiled a step or two, clasped his hands, and gazed upon Don Juan with a fixed stare. It seemed to the Maestro that what passed before him must be a vision—a dream—and he attempted no reply.

"Speak! speak! Don Alonzo!" the lover of Maria continued with earnestness; "tell me that Don Hernandez shall not die! To save him thou hast only to say a single word, and that brutal crowd will instantly withdraw. Say that word, Don Alonzo! Thou dost not wish that the innocent be thus sacrificed—thou wilt not permit it, I am sure; and I am sure that never child loved its father as I will love thee, for ever, Don Alonzo!"

A cold shudder shook the frame of the Maestro. Trembling he held out his hands toward the young man, and with a voice stifled with emotion besought him to rise.

"Thou wilt then save Don Hernandez! Thou givest me his life!"

Ulloa stood some instants with his head bowed down upon his breast. "Don Juan," he said in a voice husky with his deep feeling—"it is—impossible!"

"Impossible!"

"It is out of *my* power," said Alonzo, with a sigh.

"It is not, Don Alonzo!" replied Don Juan, indignantly repulsing the hand of the Maestro, which, a moment since, he had pressed with trans-

port—"out of *thy* power! Who, then, can oppose thy will! Who dares murmur against thy orders? Is thy power over the soldiers nothing? But I comprehend all now. Thou would'st rejoice as much as they, in the death of this old man—oh! it is infamous!"

The Maestro approached the courageous defender, took Don Juan's hand and placed it on his heart, bending over him with that look of profound and bitter grief, with which a father regards a child whose famishing hunger he has not the power to appease. "Thou knowest, Don Juan," he said, "with what happiness I have always accomplished all thy desires. Has my tenderness for thee once permitted me to refuse what was in my power to grant? What thou askest of me this night, there is no power on earth can give thee!"

"And Hernandez must die!"

"Unless heaven itself interposes to save him," answered Ulloa, deeply affected.

"Then they will be satisfied—thy miserable satellites! Thou hast promised them a vengeance complete—complete it shall be, Don Alonzo! They shall have two deaths to avenge, they shall have in the morning two bodies to drag in the dust—two corpses to mutilate—to tear limb from limb!"

"My God! Don Juan!"

"That of Don Hernandez and mine!"

"Thine, unfortunate!"

"Yes, they shall trample and disfigure it under their feet, the wretches, to whom thou dar'st not issue a command to stay them from the commission of the most frightful crimes. Know then, Don Alonzo, that the daughter of that old man, that angel of beauty and virtue, on whom they laid violent hands—whom they dared atrociously to insult, is my betrothed. The most sacred oaths, and the most devoted affection binds us!"

"What do I hear! The daughter of Don Hernandez thy betrothed!"

"Yes—our destinies are forever united. She, unfortunate, will not survive a day the death of her father, and me—nothing will be left to make me wish to retain life. To-morrow then, I will join that part of the population of this city who will make a last effort to save the old man. Thou knowest, Don Alonzo, how well beloved is Don Hernandez among his fellow-citizens. Think not to immolate him thus, without seeing some of his generous friends come forward at the hazard of their lives to protect him at the last moment. Yes, they will show themselves to-morrow, Don Alonzo, worthy of the name of friends, and I will animate them, I will march with them—I will conduct them!—If they falter I will cheer them—if they dare not strike, I alone, Don Alonzo will throw myself upon the escort which surrounds the father of my betrothed. I will cry out that Hernandez is innocent—I will reproach them with the cowardly baseness of their crime—I will curse them, and call down the vengeance of Heaven upon their heads; and then I will follow to the scaffold, the victim whom thou fearest to protect against his assassins!"

The sufferings which tortured the Maestro were frightful. He still stood before Don Juan, in the attitude of a man whose mind is wandering in a gloomy delirium,—his knees trembled beneath him—his look was heavy almost to idiocy, and his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth: "Don Juan," he said in a broken voice—"this is madness! horrible! impossible! Thou wishest to die—! *Thou!*"

"Or save Don Hernandez! replied the youth with energy.

"Oh my God, my God direct me!" said Ulloa, raising his clasped hands to Heaven. After some moments of silence, he quickly raised his head, as if suddenly struck with a happy thought—"Don Juan," said he, "these men of whom thou speakest—art sure they will arm to-morrow in defence of the old man—art sure of their number? But no, no. They will not be able to unite, and their attempt will be vain—the whole population could not stay the execution. What if I suspend it? Shall I speak now to the soldiers? They would not listen to me—they would accuse me of treason. Harken, Don Juan—harken to the cries of the soldiers! Revolt would immediately break out among them—they would kill the old man in my very arms! And then," he continued, "there is Roberto, who without doubt excites the soldiery—Roberto—thou knowest the pitiless monk, whose power over them is greater even than mine. He will never consent to grant pardon to Hernandez—and yet he alone can save him. I will speak to him, and by the four Evangelists we shall see if he will not bend to my



wishes—we shall see if I cannot make the cruel Inquisitor this time tremble before me. Go—Don Juan! May Heaven touch the heart of Roberto, and thy desires shall be accomplished, and Hernandez saved."

"Thanks! thanks! Don Alonzo," cried the young man, throwing himself into the arms of the Maestro.

"Don Juan," said the latter, after having embraced the young man in a transport of affection, "is affection for the daughter of Hernandez then the only tie that binds thee to earth?"

"She, only, retains me now," replied Don Juan, looking upon the Maestro, in his grief, "but if her father is restored to me a second tie will be added."

"And that?"

"Will be love for thee, Don Alonzo!" said the youth, throwing himself upon the Maestro's bosom, who pressed him to his heart, while the most lively pleasure sparkled in his eyes.

A step sounded on the stairs. "It is Roberto," said the Maestro, I know his step. Leave me alone with him, Don Juan."

#### CHAPTER XI.

FRIAR ROBERTO.

It was the step of the terrible monk. He entered the chamber at the moment when Don Juan quitted the Maestro. This devotee of the order of St. Dominick appeared to have reached about fifty years, and his whole presence announced austerity the most rigid, and that ferocious fanaticism which never relents. His pale and gloomy forehead was marked with deep furrows, drawn not by the heat of passions, but by fasting, watching, and lamentation. His aspect was cold, but at the same time gave token of a penetration which could read the heart, and divine the most secret thought. His appearance indicated that pity never spoke to his heart; that no emotion, of joy, of grief, or of fear ever startled his soul; he was one of those men to approach whom compels the involuntary sensation of terror.

Placed face to face the Maestro and Roberto offered a contrast most striking. The first breathed that rude courage which never reasons, and never recoils, that energetic will which counts as nothing, all obstacles which rise before it. In the mien of the other was marked, on the contrary, that imperturbable and deliberate daring, which calculates all the chances, weighs them all in advance, executes the details step by step, with a hand assured, and reaps with stoical indifference the fruits of its daring, and its cautious foresight. On seeing Roberto, Ulloa made the greatest efforts to conceal the perplexity which he felt, the truly dreadful anxiety which harassed him. He desired sincerely, and with his whole soul that Hernandez might be saved. But to what means should he have recourse? One only, as we have stated in the preceding chapter presented itself to his disquieted mind—that of procuring a generous interposition on the part of the monk. He was the only man in the world who could at that moment tender the arm of succor to the Maestro, and aid him in arresting the death of Don Hernandez. By the power which his formidable title of inquisitor gave him over the Spaniards he could, if he wished, calm their savage impatience for the blood of their victim; he could protest against the condemnation signed by Ulloa alone; he could demand a new examination, and himself interrogate the accused; there were in fine many modes by which he could retard for a few days, at least, the execution of the old man. This last was all that the knowledge of him which the Maestro possessed, permitted him to hope. The inflexible cruelty of the monk prevented him from flattering himself with any certainty of obtaining even this temporary success; but he could not abandon the last chance; a feeble hope in Roberto's clemency was the last plank of safety to which he could cling.

Before giving a free course to his choler, in case Roberto should refuse to subscribe to his wishes, he endeavored to sound his disposition by vague remarks and questions. "Friar, we have a harsh work here to accomplish," said he after some moments of silence.

Roberto had placed himself beside a table, and his eyes were fastened upon an open bible before him. He slowly raised his head, and fastened upon the Maestro a piercing look! "What, my son," he replied, "dost weary already in thy labor in the cause of the Lord? A harsh work, sayest thou! What can we boast, if we compare the feeble duty we have performed with the heroic labors of the martyrs of the ancient world, and of the apostles of the new? In truth, my child, we have but pusillanimous hearts!"

"They hate and curse us! They wish our death, Friar!"

"And should we not always remember the prediction of Christ," replied the monk, in a tone of reproach—"you will be persecuted and put to death for my name's sake."

Ulloa maintained for some moments the silence of despair. He loathed the idea of abasing himself before this man—he, before whom all heads were bowed with fear; he was in an agony of mortification at taking the humble tone of prayer—he, who was accustomed only to dictate orders which his satellites hastened tremblingly to obey. His pride was cruelly wounded—his blood commenced to boil in his veins—he panted for breath, but thought of Don Juan, and forced himself to assume composure.

"And whence, my son," continued the monk in the grave tone of an accuser, "whence comes it that thy heart fails, and thy mouth murmurs? The maledictions of men, sayest thou? And what are they against the voice of God? Could Moses have conducted the Israelites across the desert plains of Horeb, if he had obeyed the clamors of that ungrateful people, who desired to return to Egypt? Did he not, with a firm step, follow the road which the God of Abraham had designated to him, and which led the children of Israel to the promised land of Canaan? And this day, my son, God conducts us safely over thousands of obstacles, through thousands of dangers—to us also he has marked a path. And you dare to murmur—you dare to repine—you tremble—you shrink from the hand of the Lord!"

The reproaches of the monk were ominous to the Maestro. He understood all the danger with which they menaced him—the terrible consequences which closed him in. In a word, he knew that Roberto could from that instant sacrifice him, when he chose. It was only necessary for Roberto to transmit secretly to the Grand Inquisition notice of the failing zeal, the lukewarmness of Ulloa, under the name of treachery, and he would be instantly degraded from his power, recalled to Spain, interrogated and found culpable. The prisons of the Holy office would open to receive him, and their doors would close upon him—perhaps forever! It was necessary then to labor with all diligence to efface from the mind of Roberto the impressions it had received.

"And who has dared," cried the Maestro, "who has dared to say that I have ever withheld my arm when it was necessary to act? Hast thou ever seen me quail in the midst of the rebels, who in their hate against us are ready to assassinate me at any time? Has any one seen me march with a timid step in the streets of this rebellious city, though I know that a ball from an arquebuss may overtake me at any instant? If my arm had ever struck feebly, if my cheek had ever paled before a danger, tell me, Roberto, would the Duke of Ulloa have charged me with the duty of keeping this seditious population in subjection? Tell me, what circumstance has ever coupled with the name of Alonzo Ulloa a faint heart, or a woman's courage?"

"Thou hast fulfilled thy duty, my son," drily replied the Dominican, "but do not vaunt thyself, because God abandons those who are proud of their good works. He who boasts to-day, 'I stand!' will fall to-morrow. Watch and pray against the temptations of the spirit, which are mighty as the breath of the tempest which uproots the cedars of Lebanon."

The manner in which these words were spoken, convinced the Maestro that his own had produced an effect upon the mind of the monk, which it would be impossible to efface. He was advanced too far to recede now; he would hold back no longer, but open himself freely to Roberto. The most eloquent explanation or apology would not remove from the Dominican's mind the doubts which filled it. The only course left for the perplexed Maestro was to come frankly to the subject nearest his heart.

"Listen, Friar!" he said, abruptly breaking the silence which had followed the remarks of the Inquisitor. "I have just signed a sentence of death, and have handed it to Captain Davila to execute."

"I know it—the sentence of Don Hernandez."

"Well, it is necessary that it should be revoked. That sentence must not be executed—it cannot, Roberto!"

"The man that sinneth, he shall die!" said the monk coldly, without moving a muscle of his face.

"Don Hernandez shall not be executed," said the Maestro promptly, and making with his right arm an imperious gesture.

"And who shall dare arrest the punishment of a criminal whom the

vine and human justice have condemned?" demanded Roberto, knitting his brows.

"And who shall dare to lay hands on him whose punishment I, Alonzo Ulloa, order to be suspended! By St. Catherine! Who shall dare do this, Roberto!"

"I, my son," said the Inquisitor, with that calm immovability of purpose which it seemed nothing could shake.

"Thee! Oh Friar do not push my soul to despair! Do not compel me to commit a murder!" said Alonzo, striking his hand upon the poniard which he wore in his bosom. "Thou wishest then absolutely the death of this old man, but by St. Catherine, he is innocent of the crime with which they charge him!"

"Is he innocent also of the seditious and heretical discourse which he has held a thousand times, against the ordinance of the King our master? The friend of the traitor Egmont, is he innocent also of the joy with which he saw the revolt springing up—is he innocent of the part which he took in the origin of the troubles? What imports it whether he is guilty or innocent of the particular crime which is this day charged against him? The arm of justice has long been extended over him, and was on the very point of striking him for his sedition and heresy, when he was arrested for this murder."

"Thou wilt then have his life!" said Ulloa, between his teeth, while his fingers convulsively closed upon the hilt of his poniard.

"It is Heaven that has condemned him, my son!"

"Thou liest!" cried the Maestro trembling with frenzy. "Hernandez shall not go to the scaffold—by the four Evangelists he shall not! And if thy mouth dare to utter one word which shall lead to his death, Friar, in that instant this sword shall pierce thy heart!"

This violent threat of the Maestro changed not a feature of the monk. "Thinkest thou, my son, that the fear of death can intimidate him to whom God has confided the execution of his will?" he asked, looking at the Maestro with a contemptuous smile of pity.

"Swear that you will assist me to save him!" cried the Maestro, bending in a threatening attitude over the monk—"Swear to me Friar, or thou livest no longer!"

"And when thou hast passed thy poniard through my heart wilt thou also plunge it in the bosoms of all the Spaniards who will demand justice against thee?" said the monk, pointing to a window, through which the soldiers could still be perceived, as they moved in their excitement about the streets. "Dost fancy that throwing my corpse to them, will change their tone to cries for mercy and pardon for Don Hernandez?"

"My God! my God!" sighed Ulloa, wringing his hands.

"If that is thy belief," said the inquisitor, raising himself with calm courage, "strike, my son!"

Ulloa had not heard these last words. His poniard had fallen from his hand, he stood before the monk with his head bowed—abashed, mute and immovable. After an instant Roberto rose and advanced towards him. In a solemn voice: "Alonzo," he said, "when Heaven commands, unfortunate, miserable, is the rash man who dares disobey—for punishment follows disobedience as suddenly as the noise of the thunder succeeds the flash of the lightning. It is to gratify a child that you desire to save Hernandez." These words recalled the Maestro to himself—he raised his head suddenly, and fixed upon the minister of the holy office a bewildered look. His whole frame trembled; he wished to speak, but his gasping mouth refused to articulate a syllable.

"Yes, my son," continued the monk, "it was the tears and supplications of a child, of that Don Juan, thy well beloved, that softened thy heart. It is he who has placed himself between thee and thy God—it is he who has led thee impiously to say, 'Lord, I will no more obey thee! But,' energetically raising his arm, "tremble, my son, tremble! The boon of your disobedience will be that of the anger of the Lord. Arrest the just punishment of this old man, and the thousands of soldiers who wait only a gesture from you to execute your wishes, will rise against thee—will break the yoke of thy authority!"

"By St. Catharine! They dare not!" cried the Maestro, striking his hand upon his sword.

"Heaven will permit it, my son. He who despises the orders of God, can no more command men. Thy commands will become only as vain words, thy authority will be forgotten, and thy sword be broken before the arms of the revolted. The rallying cry of the soldiers will be maledictions upon thee, and thy name will be to them that of a coward and

a traitor. Yes—you may well tremble, my son, as a leaf shaken in the tempest. They will be sure,—these brave defenders of the king to whom you would refuse punishment of the murderer of their brothers in arms, they will be sure to execute themselves the decree which you have rendered against Hernandez. But the old man will not alone fall—they will not content themselves without other blows. This Don Juan, a culpable weakness for whom would lose thee thy soul—where wouldst thou conceal him—and where thyself from the fury of the rebellion? Open thy eyes, Alonzo Ulloa! It is on thy head, and on that of Don Juan, that vengeance would fall! God, my son, punishes the accomplice equally with the principal."

"They will kill him!" sighed Ulloa, as he sank motionless on a seat.

The monk perceived that these frightful predictions had made the Maestro comprehend the impossibility of saving Hernandez from execution. He continued some moments silent, and then in a bland and winning voice, said:—"My son, let strength and courage repossess thy wounded soul, and reanimate it with its ancient fervor. Close thine ears against the spirit of perdition—watch and pray, and the will of God shall be accomplished."

Ulloa was humbled; all hope had vanished. Don Juan assassinated by the revolted soldiers! That frightful idea absorbed and tortured him; his hands were pressed against his forehead, cold sweat stood upon his features; and he looked like a man in a stupor. Every cry raised by the soldiery in the street pierced his heart like the blow of a poniard. He was as the unfortunate who, determined upon suicide, takes in with his eye all the depth and horror of the plunge he is about to make.—"Yes—yes"—he said at length in a scarcely audible sigh.

"What, my son?" demanded the monk.

"Let Hernandez die!" murmured the Maestro.

## CHAPTER XII.

### HOPE.

Never had a night appeared longer to the inhabitants of the city of Ghent. Of all which had passed since the commencement of the troubles, there was none in which they suffered so much of the terrible inquietude of doubt and fear. The cries of "death!" and "vengeance!" the threats of incendiarism and of murder; the name of Hernandez, repeated a thousand times with imprecations which made them shudder: and the punishment of the old man, announced for the morrow, all these circumstances, with the other events of that frightful night, offered to the inhabitants of Ghent enigmas which no one could solve. Sleep was banished from all eyes, and on the whole population groaned under that dreamy wakefulness which affects the man who is tortured by the presentiment of an impending catastrophe.

When day at length broke upon that unfortunate city, rain fell in torrents, mingled with sleet, and driven by a cutting wind into the faces of wayfarers. It was just one of those days the gloom of which surrounds the afflicted with new sadness. The scenes which had passed in anticipation of the execution of Don Hernandez, rendered insupportable the arrogance of the Spanish soldiers. In every house they exacted of their hosts viands the most choice to satisfy their brutal appetites. Everywhere the hosts hastened to satisfy their desires, wondering what precise cause had awakened this extraordinary brutality. If some citizen more courageous than another, inquired the origin of the tumults of the night, "It was your conspiracy, villains!" the soldiers replied. "You would have butchered us in our sleep, then! Come, see fall the head of that Hernandez, who was to have been your chief!" If on hearing these words, the meaning of which he could not comprehend, the citizen ventured to ask a Spaniard for particulars—"Silence, Huguenot, accursed Lutheran!" the soldier would reply, brandishing his arquebus—"silence! or—" and the unfortunate father of a family, casting a silent and melancholy look on his wife and children, kept silence, and swallowed his own tears.

Meanwhile, the Dean and his courageous companions, excited by the hope of saving Hernandez, and exhilarated by the certainty of a fight, which to them was a frolic, gave themselves up with ardor to the execution of the first steps in their proposed insurrection. Hardly had the day dawned when they dispersed themselves, with all possible precautions to avoid suspicion, and communicated with those attached to their guild, and with such others as they knew to be friendly to the national cause. They recounted in few words what they knew of the events of the night,



stated their plans for the rescue of Don Hernandez, and arranged all the different posts which each was to keep during the struggle. Everywhere they met the most lively sympathy—the conduct in which the Spaniards rioted, having provoked to its height the hate which the citizens entertained for them.

All seemed for the best, and promised to the generous defenders of Hernandez the most happy issue. The Dean did not partake of their assurance of success. The favorable reports which they secretly brought him, gave him it is true, the most lively satisfaction; but they were far from giving him perfect confidence. As he styled himself the father of the butchers of Ghent, he had the feelings of a father for them, and the idea of their uselessly exposing themselves, however glorious the cause in which they might fall, gave him heartfelt grief.

"*Recte, rectissime*," he said to himself, as he compared the results obtained by the movements of the too confident butchers and fullers.—"We can easily begin the attack—*concedo*; but with our small number can we hope to make an impression on the masses of arquebusiers, the partisan bearers, and the mounted force, who without doubt will of themselves fill the whole street? Will it not be with us as it was with the companions of the pious Aeneas, when they strove, as a last hope, to drive from their city the sanguinary soldiers of Ajax and of Ulysses? But allons!" he added with a sigh—"it will be as God wills; *ergo*, it shall not be said that for the first time, the butchers of Ghent have taken this day an unworthy cause."

As the morning advanced the city became animated, the inhabitants venturing into the streets, drawn, above all, by the sound which they heard, and recognised as that of the cortege, the leader of which was charged with promulgating the orders of the Maestro. A mounted officer was going from quarter to quarter, preceded by six trumpets, and followed by a small detachment of horsemen in red uniform. From time to time the insolent herald made a halt, and the six trumpeters gave sound to their instruments to call the inhabitants about them; when unrolling the parchment which he held in his hand, he read in a loud voice:

"In the name of Philippe II, our gracious sovereign and master, whom God protect!"

After these words he raised his heavy chapeau, surmounted with a black plume, and turning his head, surveyed the crowd, to see if they followed his example and uncovered in testimony of respect, he continued:—

"I, Alonzo Ulloa, Master of the Camp of the Soldiers of Philippe II, declare Don Hernandez to have committed the crimes of assassination and rebellion; and as an assassin and a rebel he is sentenced to fall by the sword; his head shall be fixed in a public place, to the end that all may see the head of a traitor; it shall so remain during the pleasure of the said Alonzo Ulloa, and no person shall remove it on pain of death.

"Decreed and pronounced at Ghent, this 27th of November, seventeen hundred and sixty-seven."

"Vive Philippe! Vive L'Espagne!" cried the crowd—one portion from pleasure from hearing the sentence of him whom they regarded as the murderer of their comrades; the other moved by fear, lest by silence they should draw upon themselves the notice of the herald and his followers. The better to conceal their intentions, the butchers and fullers, instructed by the Dean, threw up their caps, in sign of feigned joy, and made themselves hoarse, in shouting louder than all others—"Amen Vive Philippe!"

These acclamations reached from the distance the ear of the Maestro, and caused in his bosom the most painful emotions. Seated by the bedside of Don Juan, who was pressed down in heavy sleep after his excitement and fever, Ulloa feared that these cries would rudely awaken him and apprise him too suddenly that the hour fatal to Hernandez was approaching. He had passed the whole night in that place, turning over in his mind a thousand times the unfortunate event; he had recalled and canvassed the minutest details; and while the herald read the condemnation of Hernandez he nourished yet in his heart the hope of saving him; a hope that he founded on the result of the intervention of the citizens, of which Don Juan had spoken the night before.

"And why," said he to himself, "may not this act of intrepidity be successful? It will not be the first time that the hardy Flemings have dared the like. And if they should succeed, all the menacing circumstances which Fray Roberto attaches to the deliverance of Hernandez exist no more. Revolt is no more possible. The Spaniards can with

bad grace impute to me a deed which a vigorous resistance on their part might have prevented. By the four Evangelists! It will be my turn to heap reproaches upon them for having permitted the escape of a criminal whom I had delivered to them!"

Abandoning himself to these pleasant fancies, he turned over in his mind at the same time a thousand different methods in which he would himself aid the insurrection, place himself above suspicion, and charge it upon the Spaniards and the monk. He feared no ill consequences from the interview which he had had the preceding evening with the friar; for the old man once rescued, and put in a place of safety, he proposed to act with so much rigor, and feigned determination to retake the escaped criminal, and to place upon the inhabitants of Ghent a yoke so terrible, to punish their rebellion, that all the reports which the friar should transmit against the Maestro, to the holy office, would appear unfounded, and recoil to the shame of the accuser.

"I will not show myself near the place," he said, still communing with himself, as a smile of pleasure at his own power lighted his features, "in my presence they would not dare to make the attempt at a rescue. A small number only of my soldiers shall be put under arms to conduct Hernandez to the scaffold. The ruse shall be that I defy the conspiracy and audacity of the rebels—that is what I will pretend, both to the citizens and to the Spaniards. Let me see—five hundred arquebusiers, and as many each, of the horsemen and partisan-bearers? Five hundred men—oh that is too many—they will alone occupy the whole square. No cavaliers—their horses will too easily disperse the frightened crowd.—Two hundred arquebusiers, and an equal number of the others? That still is too many. Separate them—the half of the force at one, the half at the other entrance to the square, the people among them and around them."

Thus he weighed the chances of success, now ecstatic with joy as it seemed to him that heaven had sent him the means by which he would save Hernandez and preserve the life and affection of Don Juan—now depressed and in anguish as he recollected the slavish fear unto which the terror of his name and of his acts had thrown the population, and feared that the citizens would not retain courage to face the troops whom he would be compelled to deploy to put down the insurrection and recover the prisoner. Despair again seized him—he earnestly apostrophised the sleeping boy. As the hour of nine sounded he gently imprinted a kiss upon his forehead, and prepared to depart. "Don Juan!" he murmured, "couldst thou know my sufferings through this long night—couldst thou know my grief at this moment, thou wouldst know that I love thee, and comprehend who I am. For thee the envoy of Philippe II. and the Duke of Alva conspires at the revolt of the city he is trusted to subject—for thee he delivers his soldiers to death, exposes himself to the scaffold, and rises in arms against his God!" and this singular compound of fanaticism and courage, of tenderness for one, and cruelty to all beside, threw himself down before the cross, and praying for the safety of Hernandez, and protection for Don Juan, besought the Almighty, if eternal justice required a victim, to spare them and strike him, who was alone criminal!

Casting a look on Don Juan as he slept, Ulloa repaired to his own apartment, where Captain Davila awaited his orders.

"In an hour, seigneur Alonzo," said the latter, "the execution of Don Hernandez will take place."

"Well"—said the Maestro, in a tone of indifference, most successfully put on.

"How many men do you order under arms?"

"How many?" said Ulloa, with an ironical laugh—"do you think it will require an army to conduct a dying old man to punishment, and control those who would assist in his last moments? By St. Catharine! our power must be ill established, if it be necessary, to punish a criminal, to put in motion force enough to take a city. The rebels will see with grief the old man executed, whom they dearly love—the very thing that will serve my purpose—I rejoice in their grief that makes them tremble and obey. Let them mourn Hernandez.—Let them weep, let them murmur, if they dare, and they shall learn if I can conduct old men only to the scaffold. The rebels have hatched a conspiracy against us. By the four Evangelists! I wish to show them that our courage equals theirs. Shall they impute the cowardice to us of opposing them with ten fold their force? That would be pitiful! They would ridicule us, and imagine that their menaces had intimidated the

soldiers of Phillippe II. I will not suffer that humiliation—no—no—Don Davila! No, by St. Catharine! You understand my will."

Davila bowed respectfully, and was retiring when the Maestro suddenly recalled him. "It is necessary not to neglect certain measures which prudence dictates. Perhaps," continued he, "there may be men in this city purchased with the gold of the chiefs of the rebellion.—They may dare to raise murmurs, perhaps even shouts. You will then order two hundred partisan bearers to accompany the criminal, and as many arquebusiers to range themselves near the scaffold. You will leave all the rest of the square to the crowd—I wish them to see at their ease, the leader of the conspiracy perish—I promise you that they will not move, they will know so well that the Maestro is not ten steps from them. Go!"

"Your orders shall be fulfilled," said Davila in retiring.

"And my wishes also, I hope," said Ulloa, all happiness in the belief that by his continued nods of affirmation, the Captain had expressed confidence in all his lying words.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### FLANDRE AU LION!

The hour, awaited with the same impatience by the Maestro, and by the friends and enemies of Don Hernandez, was at hand. The inhabitants of Ghent crowded into the place Vendredi, anxious to learn some particulars of the alleged conspiracy, and of the reasons for the condemnation of Don Hernandez. They inquired, and recounted and compared rumors; all ending with different versions of the same story, the narrative of the events which took place in the house of the father of Maria, on the evening previous. Various were the rumored circumstances of that event, but the recital awakened but one sentiment among the citizens; that of the most lively indignation. Thanks to the butchers and the fullers, who were every where present, and every where busy, though without appearance of concert, this indignation was not long in ripening into fury—but still silent, and hesitating.

"I know exactly how this murder came about," said one of the crowd, with the patronising air of the possessor of state secrets, to those about him. As he was known to be a partizan of the Spaniards, nobody troubled him for the details of his knowledge. "Hernandez killed two soldiers of the king," said the gossip, determined to speak whether any wished to hear him or not.

"But do you know," asked one of the butchers, whom the reader will recognize by the bluntness of his language, "do you happen to know why he killed them?"

"Yes—three soldiers lodge with me—and recounted the whole this morning. It is from their own mouths that I have the particulars."

"And what say those soldiers?"

"That Don Hernandez is a treacherous assassin."

"Well—I a butcher of Ghent, assure you that your three ruffian guests lied in their throats."

"You are rather fool hardy, Monsieur butcher," said the gossip.

"And you are very impertinent, Senor Spaniard," replied the courageous butcher.

"Silence! Silence Jean!" whispered some friend in his ear. "If the Spaniards hear you speak thus, you will be instantly—"

"Let them hear then! Let them hear!" shouted the brave Hamer, at the top of his voice; hoping by such means to awaken his hearers from their melancholy consternation. "By my Holy Patron! whoever charges Don Hernandez with treachery or assassination, lies like a dog! Listen to me—I know the exact facts—these two villains whom the excellent Don Hernandez killed, had laid violent hands upon his daughter—the lovely Maria, whom you all know, and have styled the young mother of the poor!"

"Cease, Jean Hamer, or you are lost," some one besought him now.

"They had seized the old man by his venerable locks—they trampled upon his body; and he in bravely defending himself against a dozen men killed two of the ruffians. I hope you will agree with me that it was well done. Who of you in his place would not have done the same?" And all the crowd answered in their hearts, "it

was well done"—but no one dared a loud word in encouragement of the hardy butcher, who continued—"By the memory of our fathers, citizens, this is horrible! Don Hernandez must be rescued. It will not be difficult—you have but to will it!"

Hamer's auditory had dispersed in the twinkling of an eye. The approach of a little knot of Castilian soldiers made them afraid to hear what the brave Hamer was not afraid to speak. All, as they scattered, said to themselves—"The butcher is right—Don Hernandez should be delivered—but it is impossible!" Meanwhile the Dean and his indefatigable companions spread themselves among the crowd, laboring to incite the people to an insurrection; but however active they were in their exertions, and incessant in their efforts, they could but perceive that they were very far from producing the effect which the Red Preacher had so confidently promised the meeting at the tavern of St. John the Baptist. The exasperation against the Spaniards which animated the crowd, was doubtless great—but the fear which weighed them down was greater yet. There could be no counting on the assistance of the populace; and without their intervention, a successful result became actually impossible, as the people themselves deemed it.

"Ah!" said the father of the butchers, in despair, "they will not budge an inch to the rescue. The first pointing of an arquebuss will frighten them into flight, and I cannot retain my children, who are determined to throw themselves upon the Spaniards, and be killed to no purpose! Well—*patientia!* *Audaces fortuna juvat;* it will be as God wills; and if they should die to-day, they will have at least the consolation of my company to the borders of the inexorable Styx!"

The fears with which the bearing of the crowd affected the Dean were but too well founded. The people heard, as we have said, and repeated with deep feeling all that the butchers said in justification—nay in approval of the conduct of Don Hernandez, and all that those indefatigable men urged to excite those to attempt his deliverance, who were provided with arms. But intimidated at the sight of the soldiers, and trembling at the bare name of Ulloa, they dared not even betray in their countenances the sentiments which they felt. Anger was in their hearts—maledictions against the Spaniards dwelt upon their lips, but Heaven alone heard their murmurings, or read their thoughts. That immense population resembled a gladiator, thrown by his antagonist, and begging grace of the foe who presses him to the ground, while he consigns the victor to perdition in his heart.—As the good Dean gave way to his melancholy convictions of the pusillanimity of the Ghentois, he felt himself suddenly and not very gently touched upon the shoulder. Turning, he saw at his side Jean Hamer, who said with a cheerful air:

"Worthy Dean! The moment has arrived when we shall see if these cowardly Spaniards can handle their arquebusses against the men of Flanders, as valiantly as they can against the women and children!"

"Yes, that is what we are about to try," the Dean answered with gravity, seeking to conceal his inquietude—"but *prudencia!* my good friend Jean, and all will go well. Come! the moment approaches—hasten to your post—have courage—"

"Courage!" said Jean brusquely. "You know that when the butcher of Ghent is armed with his hatchet, courage and he are one."

"*Recte rectissime*, my son," said the Dean, smiling with confidence at this eulogium on the body over which he presided.

"Apropos of hatchets," continued Jean, "I have hard work to sustain the armory I carry about me. If I dared to open my cloak, you would see that my body is like a tree hung with all sorts of arms. I have enough to furnish a regiment of butchers."

"Good—and yet a word, my son. Do you know if the house of Hans Springer is prepared to resist an attack for some moments?"

"The house of Hans Springer has been changed in a night into a real fortified chateau, and will sustain without trouble a siege of eight hours, if our beer holds out. Our friends who are concealed there are in a rage of impatience that they cannot play their hands among us."



"Each has his proper duty to fill, Jean. All your men—are they assembled at the point agreed on?"

"Not one has failed; and all are as impatient as mad bulls."

"See however that no one quits his post during the combat. It is your duty to check the arrival of reinforcements to the Spaniards, while your friends struggle hand to hand with those who have Don Hernandez in charge. *Ergo*—"

"Give not even a thought to us, worthy Dean—trouble yourself with not a look"—replied Jean Hamer in a tone assured. "We are forty, good men and true, who stand ready to convince the red robes and other seniors who may show themselves before us, that they have mistaken their road!"

"*Rectissime*, Jean! and you will therefore point them to that which leads *ad Tartarum*."

"The Red Preacher—have you seen him?"

"Yes, Jean, he is all ready. Let us to our stations, and may God and the citizens sustain us!"

Dathenus, the Red Preacher, had assumed the post which he had assigned to himself during the discussion of this plan of attack. This singular personage, but yesterday a forgotten monk in an obscure cloister, now the zealous, eloquent and undaunted apostle of the new faith, had repaired to the scene attended by about three score of his most courageous proselytes. They were prudently stationed at such a distance from each other, in the crowd, as to disarm suspicion, while, at the same time, they were so disposed that the first signal would unite them in a body. Dathenus had eloquently exhorted them bravely to avenge the death of their companions whom the Spaniards had delivered to the fire and the sword; and his energetic harangues, filled with the power which is always carried by a skilful use of the phraseology of the Scriptures, had nerved the sectarians with a reckless courage; and the phrensy of fanaticism assured them of the satisfaction of their thirst for vengeance. The hour of ten had already sounded—the moment appointed for the execution had arrived, and the crowd waited in that suspense which makes seconds seem hours to a mob, whether it waits an execution or a fete performance.

"Vive Philippe! Vive le Maestro! Death to the assassin! Muera! Muera!"—announced the approach of the funeral cortege to the square, and the shouts were caught up and repeated by the soldiers in the Place Vendredi, the disheartened people answering not a word, or responding in cowardly acquiescence and mock approval to the cries of the soldiery against their friend. Jean Hamer started, as if he would strike echo with his hatchet, or demolish sound, even, when bringing to his ears a sentiment so odious. A moment more, and the procession turned the corner of the street de la Monnaie, where Hamer and his brave confederates were posted. They trembled with impatience—but this was not the place nor the moment to strike, and Jean Hamer was obliged to content himself with breathing inaudible promises and consolation to the prisoner, and maledictions on his escort, as if in so doing he could support the one, and annihilate the others.

Slowly that procession moved, as if to brave the population, by keeping as long as possible before their eyes, the melancholy drama. Don Hernandez preserved the same attitude of heroic resignation which he had worn before his judge. His frame and aspect, though they bore the too visible traces of the torture to which his body had been subjected in vain, to compel revelations of accomplices which it suited the malice of Ulloa to pretend he had acted with, were full of the majesty of the calm innocence and courage, which are felt by the just man, when the hour of his departure is at hand. Now he raised his eyes to heaven, as if appealing there for justice, and now he looked compassionately upon his fellow citizens, as if in that terrible moment he besought for them the Divine mercy.

"Poor old man! May the good God open to him the gates of Paradise! Curses upon the Spaniards! Unfortunate Don Hernandez, thus to die! His blood be upon his executioners!—Could we but save him—" Thus, with the deepest sentiments of regret and commiseration the crowd murmured, as it pressed upon the escort, anxious to catch the notice of the condemned, and to solace his last moments, by showing him the unusual grief which his fate caused in all hearts. Anxiously the Dean watched all the emotions which the

crowd evinced; because he judged, and rightly, that the approach to the scaffold was the decisive moment, which should inform him whether any confidence could be placed in the citizens. Alas! all was discouragement. Not a sound above a breath was heard among the people as the crisis hastened to approach—not a mouth was opened for Ghent, and the insolent cries of the Spanish soldiers alone rent the air.

A few steps only now separated the cortege from the Dean and his companions, to whom was confided the honorable but perilous duty of commencing the attack. He seized the moment to make them in an undertone an earnest address, in which the urgency of the case made him forget his poetry and elocution, and while he was urging them to prove themselves worthy descendants of the combatants under the walls of Courtrai, the companions of Jean Breydel, and Pierre de Coninck—sudden cries drew all attention to one of the angles of the square. Tumultuous shouts arose, and the dense crowd swaying back in that corner, communicated its motion throughout the whole of the Place Vendredi. While the Dean was yet ignorant of the cause of this sudden agitation of the sea of human bodies, his heart bounded with hope that the incident, whatever were its nature, would tend to the advantage of their hazardous enterprise. "God only knows!" he answered to the eager questions of his companions, as to the cause of the tumult—"but I am sure," he continued, while his face was lighted up with hope, "that this unforeseen accident, let it be what it may, will play into our hands. Do you hear that! The citizens this time shouted louder than the Spaniards! Olympus itself has interfered in our favor, to shake the burgeoise from the fear which has enervated them!"

It is not necessary that we should remain in ignorance of the cause of the outcry so long as did the worthy Dean, and its explanation here will render intelligible the progress of the story. A new house was in progress of erection on one side of the square, and a crowd had climbed upon the staging of the artisans to command a view of the scaffold, and were thus supported fifteen or twenty feet from the earth. Suddenly the planks cracked under the weight of the imprudent people which they were too feeble to sustain. A cry of fright arose among them, and pushing each other aside, without remorse or pity, they strove to cling to the posts upon which was attached the staging which they felt giving way beneath their feet. The cries of distress which came from those upon the platform, were repeated with quite as much agony of fear by those beneath. As that particular spot commanded the best view of the scaffold, the crowd was there most dense, and thus hemmed in, beyond the possibility of escape from the danger which menaced them, in vain they called upon Heaven in their terror, and pressed outward against the living mass which bound them; those upon the outside, in the reckless curiosity of a mob, but pressing in more anxiously, as the cries of terror became more frightful. The scaffold fell, and men, women, children, and the mass of timber were precipitated upon the heads of those beneath.

Some ten or a dozen Spaniards, who stood a few paces distant from this scene of destruction, suddenly took the alarm that the accident was but a feint, which was to serve as a signal for a second conspiracy against the soldiers in Ghent. Heeding nothing but their blind fury, they fell sword in hand upon the unfortunates who were struggling among themselves to escape the danger, wounding and maiming them beneath the ruins—"Death to the heretics!" they cried. "Muera! Death to the assassins who plot anew against us! To us the men of Spain!" And with their swords they struck on all sides upon the inoffensive crowd, killing three or four citizens outright, and wounding and trampling upon many more. Blood inundated the pavement, and soldiers and people slipped in the struggle. The piercing, stifling cries of the wounded by the wreck, the crowd, and the soldiers—the cowardly cruelty of the assault,—and the terrific confusion, broke the chains of fear in which the citizens were held. "Dastards!" cried the bolder among them, "this is too much—too base! Citizens to the charge! Death to the murderers! Death to the assassins of children—the slayers of the wounded and prostrate!"

The whole mass tends toward the point of the emeute. The citizens shout for vengeance, and for arms. The soldiers struggle

vain to force for themselves a passage from the spot—the furious multitude press around them, and crush their every effort to escape. A blow from a desperate Spaniard strikes a woman, who falls under foot bathed in her blood—"Death to the murderers of women!" The pavement is torn up, and the scaffolding, seized by the infuriated crowd, even to the smallest fragment, becomes arms in the hands of the infuriated multitude. Soldiers without the crowd, who had repaired to the square as spectators of the execution, strive in vain to rescue their comrades—they are repulsed and disarmed; and the doomed murderers of women and children, struggling hand to hand with the exasperated people, die the terrible death in that furious melee, which an angry mob alone can inflict. They are beaten—strangled—trampled to death—amid imprecations and shouts of vengeance, and bite the dust in an agony which no preconcerted torture, however ingenious, could inflict.

The Dean who, we have already said, saw in this incident a divine interposition, delayed no longer the attack which was to open the general struggle. "Heaven is with us," he said, "my friends—we fight for a good cause, and Heaven has interfered for our protection. Flandre au Lion! Strike, butchers, and citizens of Ghent!" "Flandre au Lion!" the butchers caught the cry, as they drew forth and brandished their hitherto concealed hatchets, and bared their right arms—"Flandre au Lion!" Dathenus and his companions, and Jean Hamer and his comrades shouted—"Flandre au Lion!" the crowd caught the cry—"Make way for the butchers! Way for the citizens! Flandre au Lion! Remember Courtrai!" And in all parts of the square at once the Spaniards found that the magic of their name was forgotten, and the mass of men engaged at once in a death struggle.

The butchers fell with fury upon the two hundred men who formed the escort of Hernandez—but the Spaniards fought for life, and with all the steadiness of discipline. They did not yield an inch; for they knew that to give way was to be cut to pieces without mercy; and this assurance gave them the calm courage of despair. The first assault did not produce the impression upon which the Dean had counted; but the butchers clung to their work like hounds who fasten upon the flanks of a wild boar, regardless of his tusks which rend and disembowel them. The casques and cuirasses of the soldiers protected them from the blows of the knives and hatchets of the butchers, while with their long Spanish swords and partisans, they were able to inflict many wounds upon their furious assailants. Too feeble in number to sustain themselves, the butchers fell back upon their friends in the rear, obliged to abandon to their enemies the bodies of four of their brave companions, who had fallen in the assault.

This unfortunate repulse, far from discouraging, redoubled the ardor of the butchers. "To us! citizens of Ghent!" they cried, brandishing their weapons to renew the assault—"Flandre au Lion! To us! To us!" From all directions the crowd ran to them. "Way for the citizens!" they shouted—"Flandre au Lion! Help! Help! Courtrai! Courtrai!" But without arms, and without a leader, their shouts but added to the confusion of the scene, while they were unable to give the least effective assistance to the Dean and his friends.

At the moment of the encounter, the captain of the two hundred arquebusiers, placed by command of Ulloa about the scaffold, immediately formed his force in a serried column, to make their way to the assistance of the Spaniards who were engaged with the butchers. This movement was instantly remarked Dathenus. "It is now our turn!" said the Red Preacher—"we must not let these Midianites unite with the other idolaters. Strike! for God is with us! The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon!" Strike! Vengeance for our brothers, murdered by the slaves of the Woman of Babylon!" And the courageous fanatics, with their apostle at their head, threw themselves upon the arquebusiers with such force that for an instant the Spanish column was broken, and a combat took place even more violent than had been sustained by the Dean and his intrepid companions. But as with the butchers their courage did not suffice against the iron-cased soldiers. In less than five minutes the followers of Dathenus had lost twenty of their number, and the Spanish column pierced their opposing ranks, and glided through the affrighted and

opening crowd, as the glancing scales of the hideous constrictor pass through the thick undergrowth of the forest—too feeble for an instant to resist its progress.

The arquebusiers had nearly joined their friends, whom the butchers had not ceased to harass with indomitable fury, and the zealots had at the same time nearly reached the butchers, to whose aid they pushed when the soldiers had forced through them. The sanguine had even begun to hope for success to the defenders of Hernandez, when the cry was raised—"El Maestro! Don Alonzo Ulloa!" The cry came from the side of the square where John Hamer, furious at finding himself and party kept in inaction, but not daring to break the orders which had been imposed upon him to guard that entrance of the square, was swearing by all the Saints, and of tenebræ by all the devils, because no Spaniard approached by the street de la Monnaie, to give him employment. At this terrible name of Ulloa, shouted by some of the soldiers—it may be to call the chief to their aid, or perhaps to cause a panic among the butchers, the Dean gave up, in his mind, all as lost. He expected to see on the instant, the Maestro reach the scene of the battle, followed by his troops—to see the crowd flee in affright, and his own brave children killed to the last one, without the purchase of the life of Hernandez as the price of their blood. The Spaniards, meanwhile, believed that the Dictator would be upon the scene, only that the citizens had assaulted him, and that his life was in danger. That fear gave them new strength. "Men of Spain! To the rescue of the Maestro!" they cried, as they defended themselves from the crowd who assaulted them with stones.

Under the impression of the danger to the Maestro, the soldiery forgot the main duty of the day—the prevention of a rescue to the condemned. "God is with us!" cried the Dean, as he saw the soldiers separating from the carriage, which until then had formed the centre of the struggle. "This way, my children! Let them go!" he cried, and they quickly gathered about him, not without regret that they could not follow, cutlass in hand, the soldiers whom they believed to have commenced a retreat. "*Per Deos immortales*," cried the Dean in his joy—"do you not see that heaven has struck them with giddiness, and delivered Don Hernandez into our hands! *Prudentia! Prudentia!* and the old man is ours!"

Surrounded by as many of his followers as had survived the contest, the Dean was already within a step of the funeral chariot, when a man threw himself before them upon the car, caught Don Hernandez in his arms, covered him with his torn and bloody mantle, and descended with the rapidity of a leopard, who has seized a prey which he fears may be disputed with him. "It is the Red Preacher!" cried the crowd, and a thousand acclamations of joy rent the air—"Vive our noble Dean! Saved! Saved! Vivent the citizens of Ghent! Saved—saved! Vivent les bouchers!"

The din of the battle was over, the Spaniards having gone in quest of the Maestro, for whose safety that lucky cry had raised their fears. The good Dean breathed hard with the excitement of joy, and his classics came back to him. "Heaven willed it, my children," he said, "Heaven has given it to your courage, because you fought, every man, like an Achilles or an Ajax."

"Like the butchers of Ghent!" said one of them.

"*Recte, rectissime*—yes, yes. You have fought as well as ever did your fathers—but, *prudentia!* We must not give ourselves up to a foolish security, like the imprudent Trojans; *ergo*, let us rally, because, perhaps our task is not yet finished for to-day."

Wishing to protect the retreat of the Red Preacher, who crossed the place with all possible expedition, to gain the house of Hans Springer, the Dean and his companions made a movement to the left, and held a position in a manner to throw themselves between the Spaniards and Dathenus, should the former remember their error and strike to retake the prisoner.

[To be continued.]

SUGAR IN THE OLDEN TIME.—In the reign of Henry the Fourth of France, sugar was so rare in that country, that it was sold by the ounce by the apothecaries, nearly as Peruvian bark is now sold.—*Echo du Monde Savant.*



From Blackwood for June.

# PASSAGES IN THE CAREER OF EL EMPECINADO.

LA MORENA DE MALAGA.

In a chamber of the corregidor's house of the town of Cuellar, that functionary was seated, perusing sundry despatches which had been just delivered to him. One of them appeared to claim his particular attention, for, after reading it twice, he leaned back in his arm chair, and remained for some minutes pondering over its contents. Then, taking up a small hand-bell which lay on the table beside him, he rang it loudly, and a servant entered the room.

"Go in search of the guerilla chief whose band is now quartered in the town, and request him to come here without delay."

The man bowed and departed, and a quarter of an hour afterwards, the Empecinado was ushered into the presence of the magistrate.

"Buenos dias tenga," was the salutation of the partizan.

"Felices," replied the other, and desiring his visiter to be seated, at once entered upon the business he had in hand.

"I have received orders," he began, "from the authorities at Valladolid, to send immediately in pursuit of a *partida*, that for some days have been robbing and pillaging in this province."

"I am ready, Senor Corregidor," interrupted the Empecinado, his eyes sparkling, and his hand involuntarily seeking the hilt of his sabre. "Some more French hussars, no doubt," added he, as though speaking to himself.

The corregidor smiled at the eagerness of his interlocutor. "It is not with French troops that you have to deal this time," said he, "but with an enemy that you will probably have more difficulty in finding than in overcoming when met with. But, not to keep you in suspense, I will read you my orders." And omitting the forms and unmeaning phrases which in Spain usually commence and terminate such documents, he communicated to the Empecinado the substance of the despatch, which was as follows:

"Immediately on receipt of the present you will send a sufficient force, commanded by an active officer well acquainted with the country, in pursuit of the outlaw known as the Gitano, who, with a party of twenty men, has found his way from Andalusia to this province. Numerous complaints have been made of the excesses committed by this band of robbers, who, under pretence of harassing the French, plunder and abuse their countrymen, and more especially direct their attacks against the *curas* and parish priests, several of whom they have brutally ill-treated. You have doubtless already had reports made to you on the subject, and will find no difficulty in obtaining information as to the direction in which the brigands are to be met with."

"So, you see, there is not much glory likely to be gained in the affair, Senor Diez," continued the magistrate; "but, to console you for that, the Gitano and his men are said to be laden with booty; and in any case, the horses, which I am assured are some of the best studs of Andalusia, will be no small prize to you, who have so many more volunteers offering than you can mount."

Some further conversation ensued, in which the corregidor gave Diez such information as he had collected concerning the whereabouts and probable haunts of the gipsy chief. The same afternoon, the Empecinado and his squadron—which now numbered seventy men, and well mounted and equipped—marched out of the town of Cuellar.

In the heart of the mountain range of Torozos, in Old Castile, and on a small piece of table land out of sight of any road or path, other than a precipitous track leading up the side of the ravine which bounds the rocky platform, there stood, some thirty-five years back, a *venta* or inn of antique structure and appearance, and whose isolated position bespoke it a favorite haunt of the banditti, which time out of mind have infested the sierra. The building was of a coarse, roughly-hewn stone, which, originally white, had long since assumed a variety of dark green and grey tints. Although the first and only story had several large casements, some glazed and others merely furnished with wooden shutters, the ground floor was much more scantily provided with inlets for light and air, having only some half-dozen circular apertures about a foot in circumference, strongly protected with iron bars, and one small doorway barely large and high enough for a mounted man to pass through. The stable, which occupied the whole of the ground floor, bore much resemblance to a vault, being somewhat below the level of the ground outside, and having its low roof supported by rows of clumsy pillars composed of fragments of stone and cement. To the right, on entering, was a flight of wooden steps leading to a narrow corridor which intersected the upper floor in a straight line, dividing it into two parts, one of which was again subdivided into four or five small dirty rooms, some of them inhabited by the innkeeper and his family, and the others reserved for the use of such guests as might prefer a blanket and mattress of very questionable purity, to the harder but cleaner couch afforded by a cloak and an oaken plank. The other and by far larger division of the *venta* consisted of a spacious hall, serving the double purpose of kitchen and dining-room, and even dormitory for

most of those who passed a night at this rough sort of hostelry. It is into this hall, and to the persons who occupied it on an autumn evening of the year 1808, that the reader is about to be introduced.

Seldom, [perhaps, had the dingy saloon contained so gay a company, or exhibited such symptoms of approaching good cheer, as on the night in question. In the centre of one of its sides, and under a prodigiously wide chimney, which, instead of being let into the wall, was built inside the room, and jutted forward to a distance of five or six feet, were crackling and blazing as many pine logs as would have sufficed for an *auto-da-fe*. Over this fire were suspended by chains two large black kettles, bubbling merrily, and emitting an odour which vouched for the savoury nature of their contents. A long iron pot in front of the furnace, was thickly garnished with fowls, mutton, and goat's flesh, and turned by the agency of a small consumptive-looking dog, who, perched against the wall in a wooden barrel cage, was suffering under the infliction of a most uncomfortable degree of heat and of the sort of culinary treadmill upon which he was stationed. No respite, however, was allowed him; for whenever his little tawny paws denuded of hair, showed symptoms of relaxing their exertions, he was recalled to a sense of his duty by a menacing gesture, or sometimes a blow, from an uncleanly-looking kitchen wench, whose clumsy, ill-made person, dirty complexion, and eyes bleared by the fire, were not unworthy the slipshod Maritornes of the immortal Saavedra.

Opposite the fire, but at a sufficient distance to prevent its heat from being unpleasant, was placed a table composed of half-a-dozen planks, laid upon trestles, and around this table, seated on benches, crippled chairs, and upturned casks, were a score of persons beguiling the time, till supper should be ready, by an unremitting devotion to the wine-jug. The dress of the greater part of these men was one not usually seen far north, but much more elegant and becoming to the wearer than the loose graceless costume common in old Castile. Short tight-fitting jackets profusely decorated with small bell-shaped silver buttons, low-crowned black hats with the broad brim looped up on one side, and breeches fastened at the knee by colored ribands, composed a costume of Andalusian *majo*, which, added to the accent of most of the party, sufficiently proclaimed them natives of the sunniest and southernmost province of Spain. In place, however, of the light shoes and dapper hose usually worn with the garb above described, boots or long leathern gaiters, had been pretty generally substituted, whilst on various hooks and pegs round the room, were suspended large cavalry cloaks with ample capes and hoods. A number of well-stuffed valises and saddle-bags, and a profusion of arms, consisting of sabres, pistols, and long carbines capable of carrying a ball nearly as far as a musket could do, were either piled against the wall, or heaped carelessly together in different corners of the apartment.

A stranger entering the room would undoubtedly, after a brief and curious survey of the whole bizarre and picturesque interior, have had his attention more particularly drawn to two out of the twenty men assembled round the table. One of these two persons was seated at the upper end of the board; and notwithstanding the small ceremony that prevailed amongst the party, there was a certain degree of deference discoverable, which pointed him out as the chief of his wild and, in many instances, cut-throat-looking companions. To no superiority, however, in externals, could his supremacy be attributed, as it would have been difficult to imagine a more ferocious and animal expression than was depicted in the low receding forehead, small deep-set eyes, and thick coarse lips of the Gitano—for he it was who with his band occupied the *venta*. There was little of the gipsy in his appearance, if we except the somewhat gaunt frame and supple active limb which usually characterize the descendants of Ishmael, and the nut-brown color of his skin, differing from the olive complexions of those of his men who were not of the same wandering race as himself.

On the left hand of the Gitano, sat a youth, whose age probably did not exceed sixteen or seventeen years, and whose femininely handsome countenance and graceful figure were not the less striking from being contrasted with the uncomeliness of his leader. His dress was of the same fashion, but of finer materials than that of his comrades, and was put on with a care that showed the importance attached to appearances by this juvenile disciple of St. Nicholas. His jacket, of which the cloth was from the far-famed looms of Segovia, was thrown open for the better display of a fine linen shirt, elaborately frilled and ruffled over the breast; a rich silk scarf was knotted carefully round his waist, and his well-fitting nether garments were met at the knee by loose boots of Cordovan leather. A quantity of black hair hung in long love-locks over the shoulders of the gipsy lad, whose small delicate features wore an expression of resolution rarely seen in one so young. He mixed but little in the noisy mirth and conversation that were going on, but occasionally addressed an observation to the Gitano, or to a young man of one or two-and-twenty beside whom he was sitting, and who, from the likeness between them, was evidently his brother.

"*Esta pronta la sena senores*; supper is ready," quoth Maritornes, advancing from the fire, with a grin of satisfaction on her uncouth physiognomy at the prospect of a termination of her labors.



"*A cenar!*" shouted a dozen voices, and in a moment the table was cleared, a coarse cloth, well stained with wine and grease, spread over it, and two or three of the revellers left their seats to assist in dishing up the abundant repast. The turnspit was released from his cage, and crouched under the table on the look-out for fragments of the feast he had toiled to prepare. The viands were placed on the board, and the party about to fall to, when a man who had remained below as stable-guard, entered the apartment, and spoke a few words in a low tone to the Gitano.

"Muleteers crossing the mountain, I suppose," said the latter, after hearing the man's whisper. "Here is Blas, who has heard the neighing of horses or mules, or something," continued he, "and in his wisdom fancies they are coming this way. Step down Patricio, and see if you can hear anything. Or stay, I will go myself. If travellers are passing, it may be worth while to let our supper get cold while we examine the contents of their saddle bags." And rising from his seat, he descended to the stable, while his followers commenced a furious attack upon the supper.

The day had been gloomy, and the night was dark, and threatened rain. Through the rents of a cloud less impervious than its companions, however a glimpse was caught of a small crescent-shaped moon as the Gitano and the two stable sentries stepped into the open air. About a hundred paces from the venta, a broad shallow ravine ran right and left, dividing the platform on which the house was built, from a grey and ragged mountain peak that rose directly opposite. On either hand also were the summits of mountains; and whilst on the right the ravine ascended and disappeared among cliffs and rocks, on the left it took a downward direction, and, after sundry windings, was traversed about half a mile off by the indifferent sort of sheep-path which the neighboring peasants very inappropriately termed the "high-road" across the sierra.

The Gitano advanced to the edge of the ravine, and listened attentively for some moments. Nothing, however, broke the stillness of the night, save the sound of the wind as it grumbled round the sides of the precipices, and whistled through the pine woods that clothed the lower part of the mountain. Turning towards the sentries, after a few minutes' silent expectation, he was about to bestow upon them a hearty curse for having needlessly disturbed him, when the distant neigh of a horse was heard, and almost immediately replied to by a similar sound that appeared to come for a short way down the ravine. The gipsy started, and catching hold of the branch of a tree, that grew on the verge of the declivity, swung his body forward as far as he could, and strained his eyeballs, to see what was passing below him. The darkness, however, rendered it impossible to distinguish any thing fifty yards off, and the effect of looking down upon the objects was to blend them all in one black mass. An owl flew out of the decayed trunk of an old oak, and a few bats whirled and circled round the heads of the three brigands; but, with these exceptions, not a living or moving thing was visible. Suddenly the moon emerged from behind a cloud, and threw a feeble ray of light over the scene. Blas touched his leader's arm.

"*Un lobo,*" said he; "a wolf," pointing to something that stirred in the gloom at the bottom of the ravine.

"Wolves! ay, and many of them, but not of the sort you mean," replied the Gitano, whose keen eye at once detected armed men, where his follower had conjectured a prowling animal.

There was not a moment to lose. Whether French or Spaniards were thus mysteriously approaching the venta, was indifferent to the gipsy, for he knew that against himself and his lawless associates every man's hand was turned. He saw at a glance that the enemy was too numerous to cope with, and his mind was instantly made up. A few noiseless bounds brought him to the stable, and loosing the halter off the horse nearest the door, he began hastily to bridle him. When thus providing for his own safety, he did not entirely forget his comrades.

"*A caballo! muchacos,*" shouted he, as soon as he set foot in the stable. "To horse! the destroyer is upon us."

The words run through the old venta, and the revellers, thus fearfully summoned, came tumbling down the crazy staircase. It was too late, however. As the first set foot in the stable, the Gitano, on a bare-backed horse, and followed by the two sentries, mounted in like manner, dashed through the doorway, and spurring furiously across the platform, plunged headlong down the ravine, which for a moment was illuminated by the flash of fifty carbines. Ten seconds later, the space in front of the venta was occupied by the Empecinado and his guerillas, and the brigands had barely time to slam to and secure the stable door, which was of great thickness, and studded with iron knobs, when a dozen sabres and carbine butts clattered against it.

"Yield, if ye would have quarter," cried the Empecinado, after repeated demands for admission had been met by a dogged silence on the part of the Andalusians. "Yield, while yet it is time; for if resistance is offered, not a man of ye shall see to-morrow's sun-rise."

A shot from one of the windows was the reply to this summons, and the bullet grazed the cheek of the Empecinado. A smart fire was then opened by the besieged, and vigorously returned by the guerillas; but owing to the darkness of the night, and the thickness of the shutters from behind which the outlaws fired, far more car-

tridges were wasted than lives lost. Meantime some of the men cut down a young tree, and lopping off the boughs, applied it as a battering ram to the door. But several of them having been wounded by the fire from above, and from apertures on either side of the door, which, moreover, appeared strong enough to withstand all their efforts, Diez commanded them to desist, being unwilling to waste the lives of his followers in such a paltry affair, and against an enemy whom he was sure of finally capturing. Scarcely were his orders obeyed, when forth a large barn some distance to the left of the venta, issued from Mariano Fuentes (whose band still continued with the Empecinado,) heading a score of guerillas, who dragged after them three carts laden with straw that had been brought in the previous day for the use of the horses. Ranging these carts in line close to the front of the venta, in which position the combustible material piled up in them reached to the windows of the first floor, torches were applied, and in an instant darkness was exchanged for a vivid glare of light. The dry wood of the shutters and window frames took fire like tinder, the heat drove the brigands from their stations, and the firing on both sides ceased. Still no signs of surrender were made by the besieged. One desperate attempt to escape from a side window of the inn was prevented, and those who made it driven back with loss. At length a violent gust of wind that came point blank against the front of the building, forced masses of the blazing straw through the openings where the windows had been. A cry of terror burst from the outlaws as they thus found themselves in the midst of flames. A few moments afterwards the stable door was unbarred, and eighteen men marching out, threw down their arms, and petitioned for quarters.

However sanguinary a reputation the Empecinado may have made himself during seven years' warfare against the French, he was not naturally a cruel or bloodthirsty man. Every Spaniard at that time considered it his bounden duty to massacre the invaders of his country so often as the opportunity presented itself; and this feeling was greatly encouraged by the priests, then in full enjoyment of that influence over the multitude of which they have since been so wofully shorn. By them the murder of a Frenchman was declared an act meritorious in the eyes of God and man, and one that not only required no absolution, but might even serve as an atonement for the commission of some real sin; and such was the opinion pretty generally adopted throughout the Peninsula. The Empecinado, who, had his prisoners been French, would scarcely have left them time to mutter a prayer, showed no inclination to shed the blood of his countrymen, robbers and outlaws though they were, but preferred taking them to Valladolid. Part of the guerillas were soon busily engaged tying their arms with cords behind their backs, others in getting the horses out of the stable, while a third detachment followed Fuentes, who led the way into the venta, which he by no means intended should be burnt down before he had secured whatever objects of value the Gitano and his party might have left them.

The Empecinado having ascertained that the Gitano himself was one of the three horsemen who had escaped, took little interest in the subordinate brigands, and cast but one careless glance at them as they stood grouped before him, submitting themselves to the bonds and taunts of the guerillas. In that one glance, however, his quick eye was caught by the smart dress and handsome face of the gipsy boy already alluded to, as he stood in an unstudied and graceful attitude, waiting his turn to be bound. The Empecinado stepped towards the lad, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"You are but a child," said he, in a not unkind tone; "how came you already among such rude companions, and leading so wild a life? Are you son of the Gitano?"

The young gipsy started when he felt the touch on his arm; and whilst the Empecinado spoke, gazed steadily, and proudly in his face.

"I am not the Gitano's son," answered he; "but who are you who thus use violence to men who never injured you, stealing upon us like a crafty and cowardly fox, afraid to show himself in the light of day, but gaining courage when night appears?"

"You are bold of speech, young sir," replied Diez, astonished at the boy's daring vehemence; "and some in my place would be disposed to try how far a stirrup-leather applied to your shoulders would quiet so flippant a tongue. But I will not do that; and what is more, I will answer your question. My name and quality are soon told: I am a poor guerilla, and men call me the Empecinado."

There was curiosity, not unmingled with admiration, in the expression of the youth's face, as he gazed upon the frank, handsome countenance of the partizan, who though only in the commencement of his career, had already made his name well known throughout Spain, as it was afterwards destined to be throughout Europe.

"*Y io soy una pobre gitana,*" said the gipsy, after a moment's pause. "A poor gipsy girl am I, and men call me, *la Morena de Malaga.*"

"A woman, *por Dios!*" cried the Empecinado. "Hold! added he to some of his men, who were advancing with cords. "A bargain, *gitanilla* will you change your service, and follow the Empecinado instead of the Gitano? Say that word, and your horse and arms shall be restored to you."

"The choice is not hard to make," replied the Morena. "Who



that loves the fresh air of the mountains, the shade of the forest, and the free cheering gallop over the plain, could exist in the gloom of a prison? Let them bring out my horse, señor; bid them give me my sabre and my light carbine, and Viva el Empecinado!"

And with an almost childish joy at her recovered freedom, the gipsy amazon bounded away to seek her steed, and soon returned mounted on one of the best of the captured chargers.

The guerillas now prepared for departure. Leaving the venta in flames, they soon reached the high-road, where a score of their comrades had remained in charge of the horses. Before they had been many hours on the road, the gitana obtained her brother's release from the Empecinado, whose unbounded devotion to the fair sex rendered it totally impossible for him to refuse a request issuing from so rosy a mouth, and backed by the glances of such eyes as those of the Morena de Malaga. The young bandit had his horse restored to him, and was allowed to volunteer into the squadron, which continued its march to Valladolid, where the remaining prisoners were handed over to the authorities.

Several weeks had elapsed since the burning of the venta, and the handsome gipsy still continued to follow the fortunes of Martin Diez, whose avowed mistress she had become. Her great beauty, bold and masculine character, admirable horsemanship, and courage in action, daily increased the violence of the passion with which she had inspired the Empecinado, whose nature and pursuits rendered him more prone to admire such masculine qualities than the gentle and endearing virtues more usually prized in woman. His affection was warmly returned by the gitana, whose feelings towards him were, however, occasionally embittered by a dash of jealousy natural to women of her country and ardent temperament, and to which the Empecinado's roving propensities and reputation for gallantry sometimes gave a shadow of reason which her suspicions were ready to exaggerate into certainty.

It was towards the close of the year that the Empecinado and his band, leaving their usual skirmishing ground near the Duero, took the road to Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo, at the latter of which places some important papers were to be delivered, which he had recently taken from a French courier. On arriving at the town of Alba de Tormes, the Empecinado resolved to leave his men there, under the command of Fuentes, that they might get a little rest, and collect recruits to mount a number of led horses they had with them. He himself, with the despatches, and accompanied only by the Morena and her brother, set out for Ciudad Rodrigo, and at nightfall arrived at the suburb of San Francisco, outside the walls of that fortress. Halting at a *posada*, the Empecinado dismounted, and desired his companions to remain there, whilst he entered the city and delivered his papers to the governor, promising to return speedily. The gitana, however, petitioned hard to accompany him. She knew that this was not his first visit to Ciudad Rodrigo, and that he had acquaintances there, and this was all sufficient to rouse her jealous fears, and make her fancy that he wished to be alone, in order to visit some former mistress. Whether her suspicions were well founded, or whether he had some other reason for desiring to go unaccompanied, the Empecinado remained inflexible, laughed at her jealousy, and at last, wearied by importunity, peremptorily ordered her to remain, and hastened into the town. Some time, however, having been lost by this altercation, he had scarcely reached the governor's house when a cannon was fired, and the drawbridges were instantly raised, and gates shut for the night.

For some minutes after the firing of the signal gun, the gitana remained watching at a window of the *posada*, in hopes that Diez might have delivered his despatches before the gates were closed, and was then on his road back. When, however, double the time had elapsed, necessary for the walk from the city wall to the inn, the jealous rage of the Andalusian gipsy burst forth in a paroxysm of fury that almost terrified her brother, although not entirely unaccustomed to such outbreaks on her part.

"*El Maldito! El traidor!*" she muttered, or rather hissed through her set teeth. Her face became livid with passion, her eyes glared wildly, and her long black hair seemed to twist and twine like snakes upon her shoulders, as she drove a small three edged poinard, which, like many Andalusian women of her class, she always carried on her person, deep into the wooden paneling of the room.

"Would it were in his heart!" cried she; and exhausted by the violence of her emotions, sank in a chair, and laying her head upon the table, burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Her brother remained for some time without making any observation or attempt to console her. At length, and when she was somewhat more composed, he broke silence.

"Evil were the day and the hour that we joined this man, Diez," said he: "what can we expect but unhappiness, or what good can come to those who abandon the tents of their tribe to dwell among strangers! When the Gitano was our leader, we followed a chief of our race, and others of our brethren were with us; but I fear me, sister, our lot, and thine especially, will be a bitter and a hard one, so long as we remain with this fierce guerilla. Nor can I understand thy infatuation. The Morena de Malaga, the proud maiden who turned a deaf ear to all wooers, who saw the Gitano himself at her feet, and

soorned to be his bride, on a few days' acquaintance becomes the leman of a stranger."

The gipsy girl made no answer to her brother's reproaches, who, nevertheless, continued in a strain of invective against the Empecinado, whom he had joined to avoid the severe punishment that awaited him, but had never liked. The present struck him as a favorable opportunity of deserting, and returning to his old habits and companions; but he was unwilling to do so without his sister, who, although several years his junior, by her superior energy of character, had acquired a great ascendancy over him. He could not, however, obtain a word in reply to the arguments and reasons he urged. The Gitana remained motionless as a statue, with her face bowed upon the table, and concealed by her hands and abundant hair; and her brother at length, despairing of persuading her to his purpose, retired to rest.

It was one in the morning when he was roused from a deep sleep, and beheld his sister standing beside his couch. Her cheeks were pallid, and her eyes gleamed with an unwonted light.

"Be stirring," said the Gitana, "and saddle the horses."

The gipsy knew not what to make of this sudden order; but accustomed to obedience, hastened to the stable, and in a few minutes their horses, as well as that of the Empecinado, were in readiness for the march: nor had the young brigand forgotten to strap upon the saddle of the latter beast his leader's valise, containing, as he well knew, nearly four hundred ounces of gold. As he led the animals out of the stable, the Morena appeared, and mounting her horse, moved off at a rapid pace, followed at the distance of a hundred yards by her brother, who, in the strange mood in which he saw her to be, did not feel anxious that she should become immediately aware of his unceremonious appropriation of the Empecinado's charger and money.

The gates of Ciudad Rodrigo had been opened about a couple of hours, when the Empecinado walked out to the suburb, where he had left his companions, and not a little surprised was he on finding that both they and his horse and valise had disappeared. The innkeeper could give him no information on the subject, except that they had taken the road to Alba de Tormes, and that on seeing them depart, he had supposed that they were going to rejoin the squadron. Great was the jealous fury of the Empecinado when he found himself thus abandoned by his mistress, and robbed of his gold. He was not long in fixing his suspicions on Mariano Fuentes, whom he now remembered to have seen very assiduous to the Gitana, and frequently talking to her on their various marches in a low tone of voice. Fuentes was a smart, handsome fellow, of frank and agreeable manners, and, perhaps, more likely to find favor with women than Diez himself. A variety of trifling circumstances that flashed across the memory of the Empecinado, seemed "confirmation strong" of his suspicions; and he doubted not that his false friend had availed himself of his absence to carry off his mistress, and, perhaps, also, to inveigle the whole troop from their duty, and induce them to follow him in preference to their captain. Foaming with rage, he retraced his steps to the town, and acquainting the governor with what had occurred, requested to be furnished with a horse and an orderly. These were supplied him; his tremendous impetuosity accelerated every thing, and in incredibly few minutes after he had learned the news of his betrayal, he repassed the *posada* on his way to Alba. Rein was not drawn, nor spared, till he dashed into the streets of that town. Seeing some of his men playing at the game of *cané*, he enquired where Fuentes was quartered, and on being told that he was in the house of the Duke of Alba's steward, galloped up to the door at the same mad pace. Turning the horse masterless in the street, for his desperate riding had left the orderly far behind, he ascended the stairs, and with an Albacete\* dagger naked in his hand, burst into a room where Fuentes was sitting in company with his host and several other persons.

"Traitor!" cried he, almost inarticulate with fury, "Villain and traitor! where is the Gitana?"

"No traitor am I, Martin Diez," replied Fuentes, firmly, but with admirable temper. "As to the Gitana, if aught has happened, you, who took her hence, should best know what has become of her."

Struck by this calm and moderate reply to his furious interpellation, the Empecinado's suspicions were dissipated as rapidly as they had been formed. Dropping his weapon, he threw himself into his comrade's arms, implored his pardon for having a moment suspected him, and related the occurrences of the previous night. He terminated by declaring his intention to abandon every other object, and devote himself entirely to the pursuit of his faithless mistress and her brother. This resolution, however, was strongly combated by Fuentes, who represented the absurdity of such a Quixotic expedition in the then state of Spain, more especially as the fugitives had so great a start, and it was not even known what road they had taken. His arguments, and those of the other persons present, who strongly urged the enraged partizan not to sacrifice the cause of his country to such purely personal motives, at length prevailed, as they were sure to do with a man of the Empecinado's sincere patriotism,

\* The town of Albacete is as famous for the excellence of its poinards as Toledo for that of its sword-blades.



and the following morning the guerillas left Alba on their return to the banks of the Duero.

The successes of the Empecinado, and the increasing number of his followers, at length attracted the serious attention of the French generals. Not a letter could be forwarded, or a day's rations trusted on the road, without falling into the hands of the guerillas, unless protected by a much larger escort than it was at all times, convenient to send. The example, also, was doing no small harm; for in emulation of the Empecinado, guerilla corps were springing up in all directions, and it was at last thought advisable to strike a decisive blow at the most dangerous of these bands, in order to frighten the others into submission. Nearly the whole of the French cavalry, quartered in old Castile, was ordered to the plains of the Duero, and, divided into strong detachments, began to give chase to the Empecinado in every direction. For some time that chief managed to elude his pursuers, except indeed when their numbers were such as permitted him to cope with them, when he willingly gave them battle, and invariably came off conqueror. At length, however, he was met by three hundred light cavalry in the neighborhood of San Domingo de la Calzada, and, after a gallantly sustained skirmish, compelled to take refuge in the sierras of Burgos. Thither the French did not care to follow, but continued to scour the country bordering the Duero, and that, with so much activity, that it was impossible for the guerillas to leave their mountain refuge, or venture into any towns. At Castrillo, the Empecinado's mother and relatives were thrown into prison, and the same severity was exercised towards the friends of Mariano Fuentes at Roa. Proclamations, too, were published and widely distributed, offering a reward of five thousand dollars to whoever should deliver up the Empecinado, dead or alive.

It chanced one morning that Diez, Fuentes, and their *partida*, were halted at a particular spot in the mountain of the Embral de Lerma, which commands a view of the high-road to Madrid, when they saw approaching in the distance a party of five-and-twenty horsemen. As these men drew nearer, they had much the appearance of robbers; for, although admirably mounted and armed, they had no sort of uniform, but were variously and almost fantastically attired. Fuentes, with a few of his men, went to reconnoitre, and shortly returned, accompanied by the strangers, who turned out to be *alogieros*\* on their road from Andalusia to their homes in the mountains of Santander.

The new comers dismounted, and while partaking of some wine and provisions offered them by the guerillas, replied to the numerous questions that were put to them concerning what they had seen on the road, and the state of the war in Andalusia. Amongst other things, they mentioned that in the Serrania de Ronda, a band of irregular cavalry, commanded by the Gitano, had been committing excesses of all kinds.

"A red handed villain he is," continued the *alogiero* who was speaking. "It is true, he sometimes attacks the French when his numbers treble theirs; but he does so merely to cloak his real profession, which is that of a robber and murderer."

"Know you aught of a gipsy maiden who formerly accompanied him?" enquired Fuentes; "she whom they called the Morena de Malaga."

"Indeed do I," replied the *alogiero*; "it seems she was taken prisoner some three or four months back, when the Gitano made an excursion into Castile, from which he returned with only two followers, all the rest having been captured or killed. The Morena, however, reappeared in Andalusia, about a week before we left, and sought out the Gitano, who is chief of the gipsy tribe to which she belonged. He had learnt, somehow, that during her absence, she had been the mistress of an officer, it was said of the band who had surprised the Gitano, and made him fly like a stag before the hunters. This stirred up the savage nature of the man, for he had long wished to have the Morena for his wife, and she had invariably spurned his offers. So when he heard she was approaching his bivouac, he rode out a league or so to meet her. He was not long gone, and when he returned, he had a valise full of gold on his saddle. The next day a goat-herd found the dead bodies of the Morena and her brother, lying in the dried-up bed of a torrent. The deed must have been treacherously done, for their sabres were sheathed, and there was no appearance of their having resisted. The Morena had been stabbed with a knife in the left breast, and her brother had probably attempted to escape, for the bullet that slew him had entered at his back."

The Empecinado had been one of the listeners in this account of the Gitano's cowardly crime, and of the sad fate of the unfortunate

girl whom he had loved much, and whom he still regretted, in spite of her having so lightly abandoned him. He rose abruptly as the narrator concluded, and with an uneven and heavy step, walked a short distance along the side of the mountain. When he returned, his features exhibited no sign of emotion. He was perhaps a trifle paler than usual, and a drop or two of blood stood upon his under lip.

"One more cup of wine, my friends," said he to the *alogieros*, who were preparing for departure.

The mountaineers drank to the health and success of the Empecinado.

"When you reach your own province," said the partizan, in a voice which his men thought harsher and more piercing than his usual deep tones, "tell your countrymen that you have eaten and drunk in company with the Empecinado and his guerillas, and that they are no robbers, as the French would fain have it believed, but brave men struggling for the independence of their country, and sacrificing to that one object all private loves and hates. But let not our friends be dejected, or our enemies rejoice. This war must have an end, and when that day comes we shall be found not to have forgotten our affections or our vengeance."

1815 had arrived, and peace was once more restored to the Peninsula. Spanish patriotism, powerfully aided by the courage and discipline of British troops and skill of British generals, had driven Napoleon's legions across the Pyrenees.

It was on a summer's afternoon of the above-mentioned year, that six or seven persons were assembled in the common room of a small tavern on the high-road from Madrid to Andalusia. The party consisted, in the first place, of the tavern-keeper himself, a jolly pot-bellied little man, with a merry chuckling laugh and sleek shining countenance, expressive of inexhaustible good-humor; whose real name had long been forgotten, even by his most intimate friends, and replaced by the not inappropriate sobriquet of *El Gordo*, or the Fat. The other members of the party were apparently habitual frequenters of the house, substantial peasants and artisans from the neighboring village, and all were listening with great interest to tales of the late war told by a traveller who was waiting till the heat of the day should pass, to resume his journey. A pigskin of wine was lying on a wooden dresser, in a convenient position for transferring its contents to a large jug, whence they were sent gurgling down the capacious throats of the thirsty narrator, and no less thirsty listeners.

The traveller was a man past the prime of life, of active and vigorous frame, and highly unprepossessing countenance. Although he had nothing military in his gait or appearance, he had seemingly served through the whole of the war—at least if his own account might be believed, for he made himself the hero of each one of the surprising feats of arms, wonderful escapes and successful onslaughts, with which he regaled his open-mouthed auditors. It was in the middle of one of his most astounding histories that a horseman halted at the door of the tavern, and dismounting, enquired if he could have refreshment for himself and steed. On being answered in the affirmative by the bustling host, he led his horse to the stable; and, after remaining there while the animal ate his corn, entered the house at the very moment that several solid rashers of ham, garnished with eggs, were withdrawn from the frying-pan, and placed upon a small table, together with a jug of wine and loaf of bread, to all of which he addressed himself with a zeal worthy of one who had ridden far and fasted long.

It is a common practice in Spain for travellers not to remain on the road during the sun's greatest heat, but rather to commence their day's march early and end it late, allotting six or seven hours of mid-day and afternoon to repose. The new comer, however, was evidently one of those iron-framed men to whom heat and cold, rain and sunshine, are alike indifferent. He was about forty years of age, but might have passed for somewhat younger, for though his face was bronzed and weather-beaten, his figure was youthful, and not a single line of grey was to be discovered in his black hair and mustache. His dress was that of a civilian, and of a plain and unpretending fashion; but an indescribable something in his whole air and manner bespoke the soldier, and the man accustomed to command.

Soon as the tavern-keeper had seen to the comfort of his guest, he returned to the party he had for a moment quitted. The good man-chegan wine had so oiled the tongue of the tale-teller, that although he declared he could stay no longer, mine host prevailed on him to relate one more of his adventures, and that of so marvellous a nature as almost to stagger the credulity of the unsophisticated rustics, and to cause the stranger to raise his eyes more than once from the contemplation of his dinner, and to cast a glance, half amused and half contemptuous, in the direction of the braggadocio. The latter at length brought his narrative to a conclusion, and mounting his horse, left the inn. His example was soon followed by the peasants, and the stranger remained alone with his host.

"Your worship has had a hot and thirsty ride of it," said *El Gordo*, filling up his guest's glass, and glancing at his garments, which were powdered with the reddish dust of the province. "You had better have done, as the worthy gentleman who has just departed, started

\* In the province of Santander, it is a common practice for the men to leave their homes when mere lads, and emigrate to Andalusia, where they employ themselves in selling *aloja*, a refreshing drink composed of water, honey, and spices. After several years' rigid economy, they generally succeed in scraping together wherewith to establish themselves in some way in their own country, to which they begin to plan their return. In order to set at defiance the bands of robbers that infest Spanish roads, they form parties of twenty or thirty men, each of which provides himself with arms, and buys a good Andalusian stallion. They dress themselves also as *Jandalos*, or Andalusian dandies of the first water, and taking care to arrive in the vicinity of their native town the eve of a Sunday or great feast day, they make their triumphal entry after morning mass, when every body is coming out of church, in order to dazzle the eyes of their relations and sweethearts with their fine horses and elegant costumes.



earlier and arrived sooner. Trees are too scarce in our country for a second-day ride to be a pleasant one."

"You are perhaps right," replied the other, "more especially as by doing as you advise I should probably have heard more of your friend's adventures, which, judging from what I did hear, must be well worth listening to."

"I knew not your worship had been attending to him," said the host, with his habitual chuckle. "In truth, he draws a lengthy bow, but nevertheless his arrows hit the mark well enough for me, and I am always right glad when he passes along this road. Our village folk flock in by dozens to listen to his talk, for after a few quartillos he generally gets into the same strain he did to-day. All that thins the *borracha* and fattens me." And with another gleeful cachinnation, El Gordo clapped one hand on the now lank sides of the huge pigskin, and the other on the rotundity to which he owed his nickname.

"And what is he?" carelessly enquired the stranger, apparently willing to humor his host's garrulity. "Did he really serve during the war?"

"Served and not served; that is, he headed a band of guerillas, and now and then had a skirmish with the French, though I much doubt if he ever sought them. What he liked much better was a little comfortable plunder, to come in at the tale of the fight and beginning of the feast; and when he could not do that, he robbed all he met, Spaniards or others. I have heard that in Andalusia they tell things of him that would make your hair stand on end; and it is certain that he was more than once hunted by our troops in the time of the war; but when peace came all was rejoicing and happiness, amnesties were published, and he, like many another rogue, was made an honest man. He is now always travelling about, and they say his journeys are not much for the good of his Majesty's revenue."

"His name?" eagerly enquired the stranger, whose attention had been increasing as El Gordo proceeded.

"His real name I never heard, señor," replied the tavern-keeper, surprised at the strong interest suddenly shown by the other. "El Gitano is the one he has always gone by, for he is of gipsy race, and they say chief of a tribe."

The words were scarcely uttered, when the stranger, throwing down a dollar, hurried to the stable, and before his host had time to pick up the money and toddle to the door, he galloped off, mounted on a black charger of great power and mettle.

"'Tis strange," said El Gordo, looking after him; he came from the north, and is now gone northward again. However, 'tis no affair of mine. He is a worthy gentleman, and has paid me double his score.

The traveller had taken the same road as the Gitano, but the latter had an hour's start, and the sun was shedding its very last rays when the stranger caught sight of him leaving the plain, and commencing the ascent of a mountain over which the road passed.

"You are the Gitano?" said the horseman abruptly, when after ten minutes' more hard galloping, he checked his steed into a walk on the near side of the man of the man whom he had been evidently anxious to join.

"I answer to that name," replied the gipsy, looking somewhat startled at the tone and manner of his question.

"Murdering villain!" shouted the stranger; "remember the *Morena de la Malaga*, and prepare to die; for we are alone on the mountain side, and I am the Empecinado."

The Gitano quailed before his fierce enemy, but his instinct of cunning and treachery did not desert him. By a quick but quiet movement, shifting the reins to his right hand, with the left he drew a knife from his belt, and made a savage stab at the Empecinado. But the latter was not to be taken off his guard. Catching the gipsy's hand in his ere the blow had reached him, he compressed it with so vice-like a grasp, that the fingers involuntarily opened, and the weapon they held dropped to the ground. The next instant their swords clashed together, and an animated combat began.

Although, as may be supposed from what has been already seen of him, the Gitano was by no means a brave man, he had not passed through many and great perils without acquiring a certain degree of hardihood, and in the present instance, driven to stand at bay, he proved himself no despicable swordsman. Whilst, however, he was doing his utmost to parry the furious cuts and thrusts of the Empecinado, and watching his opportunity to return them with effect, he forgot to guard against another kind of danger.

The road on which the encounter took place was a broad and level one, that ran along the side of the mountain. On the left the ground sloped gradually upwards, to a considerable height, but to the right was a rugged precipice, nearly three hundred feet deep, overhanging a smiling and beautiful valley. Towards this frightful declivity the Empecinado was rapidly urging his adversary, who unconsciously tightened his rein, and caused his horse to recede, as he found his guards almost beaten down, and his arm becoming enfeebled by the impetuous attacks and superior strength of his foe. Suddenly the Empecinado drove spurs into his charger; and making him bound forward, aimed a furious blow at the gipsy's head. The latter par-

ried it with difficulty, and, at that moment, his horse's hind feet began to slide and scramble on the smooth slippery edge of the precipice. For the first time, aware of his danger, the Gitano, with extraordinary activity, made a bound from the saddle; and as he did so, his unlucky horse rolled over and over in the air, and was crushed upon the rocks and stones at the foot of the mountain.

But the gipsy's position was by no means an enviable one. When he had made his leap, his horse's hind legs were already over the verge of the declivity, and the impetus obtained by springing from the stirrups was too small to carry him fairly upon level ground. All he succeeded in doing was to get his arms upon the edge of the precipice, and had that edge been square, he might easily have raised his body; but, on the contrary, it was round and shelving, and immediately below it the rock sloped inwards. Deprived, therefore, of any sort of hold for his feet, unable to raise himself by leaning on his arms, for such a movement would have caused his immediate destruction, his hands were all the gipsy had to trust to, and with them he clutched some weeds and grass that sprang out of the scanty layer of soil covering the rock. These broke off in his fingers, and he caught at others, which, after tantalizing him, by affording a momentary support, snapped in their turn, and the unhappy man saw that his doom was sealed, and his hour come.

The Empecinado had sheathed his sword, and sat motionless on his horse, gazing sternly upon the Gitano, whose features, distorted by fear and horror, assumed an agonizing and almost unearthly expression, when seen through the fast fading twilight.

"*Misericordia!* Señor," cried he, "Mercy! mercy! and so may God and his saints help you in your hour of need!"

There was something so horrible in the tone in which these words were shrieked out, such a concentration of human despair and misery in the accent of the dying wretch, that the Empecinado's right foot left the stirrup, and he made a movement as though about to dismount and succour his foe. If such were his intention, the impulse came too late.

"*Maldicion!*" screamed the Gitano, as the last morsel of parched-up turf gave way under his bleeding and wearied fingers.

The Empecinado listened, and through the heavenly stillness of the soft summer evening, a dull heavy sound was audible to his practised ear. He turned his horse's head northward, and rode slowly away.

That morning his destination had been Andalusia; but he had now no occasion to prosecute his journey, for its object was already accomplished.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE THAMES TUNNEL.

This extraordinary work is now on the point of completion; and the boldness of the enterprise, the indefatigable labor with which it has been prosecuted and the remarkable skill which has been exercised in bringing it to this point of unquestionable success, place it among the most remarkable scientific performances of the age. We know that anything may be laughed at, and that the world is fond of laughing the most at the gravest things; but we have no inclination to join in ridicule of a work which exhibits so singular a combination of the daring and the practical—of the lofty speculation and the profound science, both so characteristic of England, and so honorable to the national character. It is true that the chief engineer of this stupendous work is a Frenchman, but we see much less ground for national jealousy in his origin, than for national honor in his employment. England boasts, and justly, of her attracting the talents of the world. A nation can give no higher evidence of its superiority, than its disregard of littleness of all kinds. The Roman never gave a clearer evidence of his being marked for the master of the world, than when he borrowed the arms of the conquered nations—when he adopted the lance of the Samnite, the shield of the Volscian, and the falchion of the Tarentine. We only wish that our adoptions were larger and more frequent, that we had the power of calling to our country the talents of every great sculptor, architect, and painter of Europe, and that we had thus nobly monopolized Thorwaldsen, Canova, and the builder of the Pantheon of Paris and the still lovelier Madaline.

The Tunnel has now completely reached across the river—a distance of 1200 feet—and the projector and engineer had that gratification, a short time since, of being the first who walked from bank to bank, to the shaft on the London side. Those shafts on both sides of the river, which are intended for foot passengers, are really grand things. They are a succession of staircases going round a vast circular excavation, between seventy and eighty feet deep, and when they shall be all lighted with gas, will be amongst the most extraordinary parts of the whole structure. Even now they strongly realize the poetic conception of the descent into the caverns of the Egyptian mysteries; and the view of the interior, nearly a quarter of a mile in extent, lighted with a long succession of melancholy flames, would probably have suggested to a Greek the image of an entrance into Tartarus. But, in our day, the sublime is well exchanged for



the practical, and this vast and formidable-looking cavern will be stripped of its poetic associations by the passage of carter and wagons, bales of goods and herds of bullocks. Still it will be almost impossible, to divest ourselves of the recollections really attaching to this work. We have before us altogether a new attempt to conquer nature—a great experiment to make rivers passable without boat or bridge—a new and capable contrivance for expediting the intercourse of mankind. The stone bridge is at all times the most expensive edifice in the world, and the bridge of boats is always liable to accidents, and almost certain to be broken up in every instance of a flood. Besides this, the fixed bridge blocks up the navigation of the river for all vessels beyond the size of a barge or a small steam-boat. The expense of the stone bridge also is enormous. Waterloo Bridge cost upwards of a million—London Bridge almost as much more—Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges, which were built at a cheaper rate and in cheaper times, so constantly demand repairs that they probably have cost more than either of the modern ones; but the Tunnel has the advantage of giving a passage from side to side of the Thames, where from the breadth of the river a stone bridge would have probably cost nearer two millions than one, and where no bridge could be thrown across without blocking up the most important part of the Thames, that portion which may be called the great wet dock of London. Yet the expense of the whole has not amounted to 1400,000; and even this is to be remembered as an expense greatly increased by the utter novelty of the experiment, by difficulties unforeseen in the commencement, by several interruptions of the river, by the dearth of workmen's wages, arising from the peculiar peril and singular nature of the labor connected with an undertaking carried on at all hours, and wholly by artificial light. All this, too, in constant hazard of an influx of the river, and the various difficulties belonging to working in a mine. The weight of a vast body of water above, acting alike during summer and winter, which at any moment might break in, and against whose incursions it was as necessary to fortify the outside of the tunnel as the interior, added greatly to the difficulties of the undertaking.

The original of the tunnel was, to convey cattle, passengers, and general traffic from the rich counties on the Kent side to that great mercantile region of the metropolis—the London and East and West India Docks. How far this will now be effected, is a question which remains to be decided by experience. There can be no doubt that if the traffic be not impeded by the fear of passing under the river, it must be immense. The convenience of escaping the long circuit up to London Bridge, which, from the various obstructions in the streets, and the general difficulty of passing through the most crowded portion of our city, must now occupy many hours, would obviously direct the whole current of the traffic into the Tunnel. Hitherto no expedient has been adopted to shorten the passage of the traffic; and the contrivance by which 1200 clear feet are substituted for at least three miles of the most encumbered thoroughfares imaginable, must be adopted as a matter of palpable advantage. Still there may be difficulties in the way which practice only can exhibit.—But any fear of the structure itself we should regard as altogether visionary. The building of the Tunnel seems as solid as a rock. During the whole period from its commencement, we have not heard a single instance of its giving way, vast as the pressure was from above, and trying as were the damps, the ground springs, and the extreme difficulty of building under water. At this moment the roof is obviously as free from damp as the roof of St. Paul's!—and unless an earthquake should burst it, the whole fabric seems much more likely to last than were it exposed to the diversities of temperature, the heats and frosts, above ground. The especial advantage of the system of the Tunnel is, that it can be adopted in any part of the course of a river, and even in its widest part, (for few European rivers exceed the breadth of the Thames at Rotherhithe, unless where they spread into marshes or lakes,) and yet offer no impediment to the navigation.

But we regard it as having a still higher character; we consider it as a noble and essential adjunct to the railway system, and to have come exactly at the proper period for completing a system which is now spreading over Europe, which is obviously meant as a great instrument of civilization, and which without it must suffer a full stop at the banks of every great river. For we cannot look to any resource in the clumsy and always insecure contrivance of a bridge of boats or masonry, incurring great loss of time, requiring change of engines and carriages, with a hundred other disadvantages; while, by a tunnel, the whole train might sweep along wholly unobstructed, and be many a league on its course before a traveller could have crossed by the bridge. We shall thus probably see the Rhine, the Danube, and the Rhone passed below their beds, if the Governments of their countries shall have the funds or the common sense to follow up their present projects for the rail-roads. Our impression decidedly is, that the tunnel is essential as a part of the railway. England has a right to pride herself alike on the scientific intrepidity and the palpable value of the undertaking to mankind. Brunel has been knighted on the completion of his work. But his perseverance and talent deserve a more productive distinction. We hope that he will give us a history of this great, new, and decided triumph over nature.

From the Boston Mercantile Journal.

## LIFE AT SEA.

A PISCATORY SKETCH.

BY HAWSER MARTINGALE

THE ship *Agamenticus*, of "Down East," commanded by Jeremiah Parbuckle, a thorough-going old salt, was on her passage to Rio Janeiro. She had been out thirty-five days at the time the event occurred, which I am now about to relate. For seven days the wind had been light and baffling, with occasional calms. Not a vessel had been met with since she left soundings on George's Bank—and not a fish had been seen, excepting a fin-back whale, three grampusses, and a shoal of porpoises, which, however, kept at a respectful distance from the ship; always excepting a few flying-fish, which sometimes appeared above the surface of the water for a moment, and then disappeared in their native element.

These were dull times; the blues seemed to have got possession of all hands. Captain Parbuckle looked wolfy, and was as cross as a bear, and as snappish as a mud-turtle. He actually growled out his orders, looked marlin-spikes at his mates, and hurled oaths and handspikes at his crew. His mates, although good enough sort of men in the main, played off upon the crew, the same kind of treatment they received from the captain; and the men, tired of the monotonous weather, and longing for a good rousing breeze, a water-spout, or a hurricane, to shake them up a little; and indignant at the rough and surly treatment which they received, grumbled and growled in concert with the captain and mates. The atmosphere of the cabin and fore-castle seemed dark and gloomy. The visages of all on board looked rusty and grim; the crew, finding no other way to vent their ill humor, turned upon the cook, a stout black fellow, and gave him a severe clobbering one day after dinner, because he put salt in the lobscouse. Oh, the weather exerts a terrible influence on the tempers and dispositions of men, and women too, on sea as well as on shore. *M. Espy* should look into this subject, it is worthy the investigation of a philosopher.

The morning following the day on which the cook was clobbered, an event occurred to change the monotony which had been at the bottom of all the ill-feeling on board, and restore mirth and good spirits, cheerful countenances and friendly feelings. At about six bells, one of the crew, who had been busied in throwing a few buckets full of water into the stern boat, to keep her tight and stanch, suddenly dropped the bucket on the taffrel, and while his eyes actually flashed with excitement, he opened his capacious mouth, and shouted in a stentoriphic voice, "A DOLPHIN! A DOLPHIN! a dolphin is coming alongside!"

The man at the wheel repeated the joyous sound, and shouted with the whole strength of his vocal powers, "A DOLPHIN!" The second mate, who was at work on the fore-castle, making preparations for puddening the anchor, screamed out "A dolphin!" and with a hop, skip and jump reached the companion doorway, and bawled in a voice which must have awakened the Seven Sleepers. "Captain Parbuckle, here is a DOLPHIN alongside! A dolphin alongside!" One man sprung into the mizen-rigging, and three or four mounted the taffrel. "I see him," says one, "just coming up on the quarter." "So did I!" says another, "and a noble fellow he is too." "There are two of them," exclaimed a third. "Huzza! they will make a glorious chowder!"

Captain Parbuckle rushed upon the deck, his whole countenance, of goodly size, absolutely convulsed with a grin—the first one which had distorted his visage for more than a week. "Where is the rascal?" he exclaimed. "Hand me the grainse! Mr. Tarbottle, why don't you get the grainse?—the grainse, I say! We shall lose the fish for want of the grainse! Why don't you bear a hand?"

The watch below heard the uproar, and shouting "Dolphin! Dolphin!" rushed on deck, eager to have a share in the sport—and even Sambo, the cook, forgetting the savage chastisement he had received, instinctively cast a wistful eye upon his frying pan—and while he added some fuel to the fire, thought of his pork barrel—and then made some curious and interesting mental calculations on the comparative value of fried fish and chowder.

While all this hubbub was going on on deck, the two dolphins were quietly swimming along, just beneath the surface of the water, in search of their pray, and, unconscious of the melancholy fate which awaited them, seemed happy. Their



motions were most graceful, and their appearance was indeed beautiful—they being arrayed in a tunic of deep and brilliant azure, trimmed with burnished gold. But the beauty of their appearance and the innocence of their looks, did not suffice to change the fell purpose of Captain Jeremiah Parbuckle, who cared little for poetry or romance, who was more of a sensualist than a sentimentalist, and who dearly longed for a good fish, not for the purpose of feasting his eyes on its graceful proportions and dazzling hues—or of counting its scales, and noting the insertion of its fins, with the zeal of an Ichthyologist, but for the simple, natural, but vulgar purpose of enjoying a glorious feast of another kind.

Captain Parbuckle, too, loved dearly, at times, to gratify his organ of Destructiveness, which must have been of a very respectable magnitude. In the twinkling of a bobstay, he took his station in the mizen-chains, and again shouted in a voice of thunder for the grainse. This death-dealing instrument was handed him. He gathered the line in his hand, and poised the five-pronged javelin in the air—"ready, aye ready," for the one-sided contest.

"They seem shy, sir!" said Mr. Tarbottle, who had taken an elevated station on the taffrel, from whence he could watch the motions of the fish. "They are sheering off now, chasing some flying-fish. Away they go!"

"Here they come again!" shouted Bill Backstay, from the mizen-top. "Here they come!" shouted several voices, graduated to every scale of the gamut, from the deep guttural tones of Billy Backstay, the boatswain, up to the shrill, diminutive treble of Jim Ratline, the cabin boy. "Here they come! now, Captain Parbuckle, look out!"

"Silence there! shut up your clam-shells—and hold your outrageous noise!" shouted out Captain Parbuckle, in a voice which could be heard at least a mile off. "Keep still and quiet, can't ye? and not frighten the fish, with your bellowings."

One of the dolphins now appeared within a few fathoms of the ship's side, and every heart beat quicker with expectation, and every eye sparkled with hope, and all, in concert, grinned with pleasure, except the sturdy Captain, whose compressed lips and rigid features, showed the deep feeling and stern determination, which urged him to action. The dolphin, however, wisely kept at a respectable distance, just out of the reach of the grainse, and moved along leisurely, parallel with the ship.

Captain Parbuckle was in a great rage at this unkind conduct of the dolphins, and I verily believe that if he could have got hold of them, he could have killed them on the spot, without mercy. "Take the grainse along forward and bear a hand, will ye? We shall lose these fish yet, and all through your provoking stupidity," he exclaimed, addressing his officers and crew. He clambered on board, and after much scolding and confusion, took a station in the fore chains, with the instrument of death in his hands. But the dolphins still kept at a distance.

"Bring a bright spoon here," shouted the Captain.

"A spoon! a spoon! Steward, be lively, and bring a spoon!" was repeated by a dozen voices.

In a few moments, a table spoon, of a bright color, resembling silver, was procured. A codline was attached to it, and it was thrown into the water at some distance from the ship. Its brilliancy attracted the notice of the dolphins—for useless gewgaws oft command more attention than objects of real value, among fish as well as among men; and these sportive tenants of the deep rushed upon their fate.—Eager to develop the mystery which seemed concealed within that spoon, the dolphins forgot their wonted caution, and unthinkingly ventured within throwing distance of the excited skipper. The fatal instrument was seen for a moment raised on high, and the next, the five prongs were buried to the shoulders in the back of one of the astonished fish, which, in a marvellous short time, was transferred to the deck of the ship!

The grainse was disengaged with difficulty from the quivering muscles, and the dolphin was handed over to the tender mercies of Sambo, the cook. In the meantime the impatient Captain Parbuckle had again changed his station, and had taken a position beneath the bow-sprit end, on the martingale stay, supporting himself against the perpendicular stick, called by English seamen, the dolphin-striker; by Americans, the martingale. Here he again called lustily upon Mr. Tarbottle for the grainse. The instrument was again handed him, and he placed himself in a belligerent attitude, but the dolphin proved unaccommodating, and kept aloof—swimming about far ahead of the ship, or broad off on either bow, apparently restless and uneasy at being separated from his companion.

Even the spoon failed of its wonted power, when a brighter thought struck the noddle of Captain Parbuckle. "Mr. Tarbottle," said he, "fasten a line to the gills of that dolphin on deck, and pass him out there." This was no sooner said than done, much to the dissatisfaction of Sambo, who had already commenced the work of preparing him for the frying-pan.—The dolphin was lowered into the water, and soon attracted the notice of its friends and mess-mate. The poor, unsuspecting fish came rushing through the water towards it, evidently eager to be enlightened on the subject of its abduction—and in so doing passed directly beneath the martingale, and before it had time to ask any questions, or express any opinion, or vent any sympathy, the grainse descended with unerring arm, and irresistible force. The fate of both of these fond and affectionate inhabitants of the deep, was the same. Neither lived to lament the untimely end of the other. It may not be improper to mention, that on opening the maws of these animals, who had been thus condemned by man to sudden and painful death, they were found well filled with bonitas and ballahues, which they had devoured without asking any questions.

Captain Parbuckle came in over the bows, with a triumphant air. He actually looked pleased, and tried to hum the celebrated air of "lilabulleroo"—but Jack said that it was a decided failure—Captain Parbuckle did not sing. Mr. Tarbottle was quite delighted at the morning's adventure—and expressed an opinion that fish at sea, after being confined to a diet of salt beef for several weeks, was something rather desirable than otherwise. To this philosophical remark, Captain Parbuckle answered with a nod of assent.

The cook was ordered to fry some of the fish immediately for the cabin breakfast, and to cook the remainder for dinner—and as they were noble fish, weighing some thirty pounds each—there was abundance for a grand chowder for all hands.

The spell was now broken—the clouds, dark and lowering, which had been gathering over the ship, were dispersed—faces which had been increasing to a frightful extent in longitude began to look broad and jolly—hard words—sulky looks—menacing language—and bitter feelings were at an end. Every man seemed happy, and desirous to make others happy. Joy, mirth, and good humor prevailed—and the good Agamenticus and the whole of the crew, went on their way rejoicing. Such were the magic effects of the excitement caused by catching a couple of fish at sea!

NOTE to Captain Martingale. The rats took a fancy to a portion of the copy of your story, making it necessary to fish the fragments together. If you don't like the work of repair you must not write such popular stories that even the rats devour them with avidity.

## THE TOUCHY LADY.

One of the most unhappy persons whom it has been my fortune to encounter, is a pretty woman of thirty, or thereabout, healthy, wealthy, and of good repute, with a fine house, a fine family, and an excellent husband. A solitary calamity renders all these blessings of no avail:—the gentlewoman is touchy. This affliction has given a color to her whole life. Her biography has a certain martial dignity, like the history of a nation; she dates from battle to battle, and passes her days in an interminable civil war.

The first person who, long before she could speak, had the misfortune to offend the young lady, was her nurse; then in quick succession four nursery maids, who were turned away, poor things! because Miss Ann could not abide them; then her brother Harry, by being born, and diminishing her importance; then three governesses; then two writing masters; then one music mistress; then a whole school. On leaving school, affronts multiplied of course; and she has been in a constant miff with servants, tradespeople, relations and friends ever since; so that although really pretty (at least she would be so if it were not for a standing frown, and a certain watchful defying look in her eyes,) decidedly clever and accomplished, and particularly charitable, as far as giving money goes, (your ill-tempered woman has often that redeeming grace,) she is known only by her one absorbing quality of touchiness, and is dreaded and hated accordingly by every one who has the honor of her acquaintance.

Paying her a visit is one of the most formidable things that



can be imagined, one of the trials which in a small way demand the greatest resolution. It is so difficult to find what to say. You must make up your mind to the affair as you do when going into a shower bath. Differing from her is obviously pulling the string; and agreeing with her too often or too pointedly is nearly as bad: she then suspects you of suspecting her infirmity, of which she has herself a glimmering consciousness, and treats you with a sharp touch of it accordingly. But what is there that she will not suspect? Admire the colors of a new carpet, and she thinks you are looking at some invisible hole; praise the pattern of a morning cap, and she accuses you of thinking it too gay. She has an ingenuity of perverseness, which brings all subjects nearly to a level. The mention of her neighbors is evidently *taboo*, since it is at least twenty to one but she is in a state of affront with nine-tenths of them; her own family are also *taboo* for the same reason. Books are particularly unsafe. She stands vibrating on the pinnacle where two fears meet, ready to be suspected of bluestockingism on the one hand, or of ignorance and frivolity on the other, just as the work you may chance to name happens to be recondite or popular; nay, sometimes the same production shall excite both feelings, thus cutting off his Majesty's lieges from the most approved topic of discussion among civilized people, a neutral ground as open and various as the weather, and far more delightful. But what did I say? The very weather is with her no prudent word. She pretends to skill in that science of guesses commonly called weather-wisdom, and a fog, or a shower, or a thunder-storm, or the blessed sun himself, may have been rash enough to contradict her bodements, and put her out of humor for the day.

Her own name has all her life long been a fertile source of misery to this unfortunate lady. Her maiden name was Smythe, Anne Smythe. Now Smythe, although perfectly genteel and unexceptionable to look at, a pattern appellation on paper, was in speaking, no way distinguished from the thousand common Smiths who cumber the world. She never heard that "word of fear," especially when introduced to a new acquaintance, without looking as if she longed to spell it. Anne was bad enough; people had housemaids of that name, as if to make a confusion; and her grandmamma insisted on omitting the final *e*, in which important vowel was seated all it could boast of dignity; and once a brother of fifteen, the identical brother Harry, an Etonian, a pickle, one of that order of clever boys who seem born for the torment of their female-relatives, "foredoomed their sister's soul to cross," actually went so far as to call her Nancy! She did not box his ears, although how near her tingling fingers' ends approached to that consummation it is not my business to tell. Having suffered so much from the perplexity of her equivocal maiden name, she thought herself most lucky in pitching on the thoroughly well-looking and well-sounding appellation of Morley for the rest of her life. Mrs. Morley—nothing could be better. For once there was a word that did not affront her. The first alloy to this satisfaction was her perceiving on the bridal cards, Mr. and Mrs. B. Morley, and hearing that close to their residence lived a rich bachelor uncle, till whose death that fearful diminution of her consequence, the Mrs. B., must be endured. Mrs. B.! The brow began to wrinkle—but it was the night before the wedding, the uncle had made some compensation for the crime of being born thirty years before his nephew in the shape of a superb set of emeralds, and by a fortunate mistake she had taken it into her head that B., in the present case, stood for Basil, so that the loss of dignity being compensated by the increase of elegance, she bore the shock pretty well. It was not till the next morning, during the ceremony, that the full extent of her misery burst upon her, and she found that B. stood not for Basil, but for Benjamin. Then the veil fell off; then the full horror of her situation, the affront of being a Mrs. Benjamin, stared her in the face; and and certainly, but for the accident of her being struck dumb by indignation, she never would have married a man so ignobly christened.

Her fate has been even worse than then appeared probable; for her husband, an exceedingly popular and convivial person, was known all over his own county by the familiar diminutive of his ill-omened appellation; so that, she found herself not merely a Mrs. Benjamin, but a Mrs. Ben., the wife of a Ben. Morley, junior, Esq. (for the peccant uncle was also godfather and namesake) the future mother of a Ben. Morley the third. Oh, the Miss Smith, the Ann, even the Nancy, shrank into nothing when compared with that short word.

Neither is she altogether free from misfortunes on her side of the house. There is a terrible *mesalliance* in her own family. Her

favorite aunt, the widow of an officer with five portionless children, became one fair morning, the wife of a rich mercer in Cheapside, thus, at a stroke gaining comfort and losing caste. The manner in which this affected poor Mrs. Ben. Morley is inconceivable. She talked of the unhappy connexion, as aunts are wont to talk when nieces get paired at Gretna Green; wrote a formal renunciation of the culprit, and has considered herself insulted ever since if any one mentions a silk gown in her presence. Another affliction, brought on by her own family, is the production of a farce by her brother Henry (born for a plague) at Covent Garden theatre. The farce was damned, as the author (a clever young Templer) declares most deservedly. He bore the catastrophe with great heroism; and celebrated its downfall by venturing sundry good puns, and drinking an extra bottle of claret; leaving to Anne, sister Anne, the pleasant employment of fuming over his discomfiture,—a task which she performed *con amore*. Actors, manager, audience and author, seventeen newspapers and three magazines, had the misfortune to displease her on this occasion; in short, the whole town.—Theatres and newspapers, critics and the drama, have been banished from her conversation ever since. She would as lief talk of a silk-mercet.

Next after her visitors, her correspondents are to be pitied; they had need look to their P's and Q's, their spelling and their stationery. If you write a note to her, be sure that the paper is the best double post, hot-pressed and gilt-edged; that your pen is in good order; that your "dear Madams" have a proper mixture of regard and respect; and that your foldings and sealings are unexceptionable. She is of a sort to faint at the absence of an envelope, and to die of a wafer. Note, above all, that your address be perfect; that your *to* be not forgotten; that the offending *Benjamin* be omitted; and that the style and title of her mansion, SHAWFORD MANOR HOUSE, be set forth in full glory. And when this is achieved, make up your mind to her taking some inexplicable affront after all. Thrice fortunate would he be who could put twenty words together without affronting her. Besides, she is great at a scornful reply, and shall keep up a quarrelling correspondence with any lady in Great Britain. Her letters are like challenges; and, but for the protection of the petticoat, she would have fought fifty duels, and would have been either killed or quieted long ago.

If her husband had been of her temper, she would have brought him into twenty scrapes; but he is as unlike her as possible; a good-humored, rattling creature, with a perpetual festivity of temper, and a propensity to motion and laughter, and all sorts of merry mischief, like a schoolboy in the holidays, which felicitous personage he resembles bodily in his round, ruddy, handsome face, his dancing black eyes, curling hair, and light active figure, the youngest man that ever saw forty. His pursuits have the same happy juvenility. In the summer he fishes and plays cricket; in the winter he hunts and carouses; and what with grouse and partridges, pheasants and woodcocks, wood-pigeons and flappers, he contrives pretty tolerably to shoot all the year round. Moreover, he attends revels, races, assizes, and quarter-sessions; drives stage-coaches, patronises plays, is steward to concerts, goes to every dance within forty miles, and talks of standing for the county; so that he has no time to quarrel with his wife, or for her, and affronts her twenty times in an hour simply by giving her her own way.

To the popularity of this universal favorite, for the restless sociability of his temper is invaluable in a dull country neighborhood, his wife certainly owes the toleration which bids fair to render her incorrigible. She is fast approaching to the melancholy condition of a privileged person, one put out of the pale of civilized society. People have left off being angry with her, and begin to shrug up their shoulders and say it is her way, a species of placability which only provokes her the more. For my part, I have too great a desire to obtain her good opinion to think of treating her in so shabby a manner; and as it is morally certain that we shall never be friends whilst we visit, I intend to try the effect of non-intercourse, and to break with her outright. If she reads this article, which is very likely, for she is addicted to new publications, and thinks herself injured if a book be put into her hands with the leaves cut—if she reads only half a page she will inevitably have done with me forever. If not, there can hardly be any lack of a sufficient quarrel in her company; and then, when we have ceased to speak or to curtesy, and fairly sent each other to Coventry, there can be no reason why we should not be on as civil terms as if the one lived at Calcutta, and the other at New York.



From Godey's Lady's Book.

## THE TENTH PASSENGER.

### A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Nine gentlemen, who were desirous of being together, had secured themselves seats in the hindmost of four stage-coaches that started at the same hour from Paperdollarog to Specieville, a road always much travelled. We leave our readers to guess in what section of the Union these two flourishing towns are located; and most probably they will guess right. In this line nine was the number of passengers allotted to each coach; and the coaches were handsome round-bodied, three-seated vehicles that went along genteelly. Preceding them by two hours was another line (also much patronized) in which travellers were conveyed in those long interminable things that look like menagerie caravans, and that, though overflowing with human beings, are never so full that all who offer cannot be taken: short people standing upright in them, long ones sitting on the floor, and women and children piled on each other's laps three deep. Our business, however, is with the genteel line, and even here (the very best stage-coaches never being an inch too large) nine grown persons were quite as many as could possibly be accommodated in the same carriage, particularly if any of the travellers chanced to be of extra dimensions. In the above-mentioned company there were no less than three "stout gentlemen," one for each seat. A man that looked like a farmer was taken up about two miles from the starting-place: but he was satisfied to ride outside with the driver.

Stages first, second, and third were freighted with gentlemen, ladies, and nurse-maids holding babies—bigish children (counted two for one) being inserted between, so as to fill up all possible interstices. It is to be regretted that two children, however small, always occupy more space than one grown person, however large; and though they are charged at half price there are (unfortunately for travellers) no such things as half children.

Our nine unincumbered gentlemen having held back till the cargoes of the three first coaches were assorted, were by this means enabled to dispose of themselves all in the same vehicle. By the judicious arrangement of putting on each seat one of the largest men and one of the smallest, with a third who was in size about the *juste milieu*, and each being properly willing to incline himself a little back or a little forward, as was most accommodating to his companions, they were all very comfortably fitted in: without, however, the smallest superfluity of space. The sky was cloudy and threatened a storm; but they were so well guarded against its effects that they took no heed of the weather.

As soon as the bustle of starting had subsided, and the stage was fairly under way, two of the gentlemen, who were elderly bachelors, began to congratulate themselves and their companions on the prospect of having a pleasant, snug, quiet ride all to themselves, without the incumbrance and annoyance of women and children. Another (who was a married man) had no objection to children, provided they did not cry; none of his own seven ever having been heard to whimper in their lives; for, even when cutting their teeth they only looked serious. A third (being a very candid person and scrupulously truthful) acknowledged that out of his nine darlings there was not one that had the gift of being quite incapable of crying; but that he never took any of his family with him when he travelled, that he might enjoy their society with greater zest when he returned home. An ancient gentleman (the widower of several wives) had obtained a glimpse of one or two pretty girls in each of the other stages, and would have had no objection to ride with them, only that they seemed to be matronized by old fat women, a species of animal whom he thought ought to be collected annually, in carts: and afterwards shipped off to the Sandwich Islands, or Caffaria, or any other place where obesity is always at a premium.

A young officer who had graduated at West Point, and who, like most young officers, was already engaged to be married, and to whom all human beings that bore the form of women were sacred, seemed somewhat scandalized at the ungallant remarks of the bachelor and widower gentlemen, and contended that he never in his life had met with a woman in whom there was not something agreeable.

"Then, my dear sir, you have never been out of your own country: and as to your life, it has not, as yet, been a long one," said Mr. Bromfield, a very fine-looking man of an uncertain age, who had recently returned from a sojourn of twenty years in various parts of the world beyond the Atlantic.

Lieutenant Cessford acknowledged that he had never crossed the ocean, but that he felt himself perfectly qualified to bear testimony to the beauty and amiability that characterized his countrywomen. As there was a newly-arrived Englishman in company, all the other gentlemen most cordially joined in this eulogium; and the Briton himself united in commending the pretty faces of the American ladies, being particularly struck with the smallness of their mouths.

"And now," continued Mr. Mainwaring, for that was the Englishman's name, "is it true that, according to all the books written by my countrymen, (including Miss Martineau,) America is the paradise of women, and that they are petted, indulged and idolized by our sex, even from their cradles? Is it really the practice of every American to yield up his own convenience and his own comfort, (always without a murmur,) whenever the accommodation or the fancy of a woman is concerned, even if that woman is like the one whom Johnson accused to her face

of being ugly, poor and foolish?"

"The brute!" exclaimed young Cessford. "Of all the enormities recorded of Dr. Johnson by his devoted and admiring biographers, I have always considered that anecdote the worst."

"It is certainly true," observed Mr. Bromfield, "that among Americans there is a universal feeling of respect and kindness towards the female sex. We have it both by nature and by cultivation. Our little boys begin by deferring always to the little girls, and allowing them the best of the bon-bons and playthings: and giving up to them the most amusing and easiest parts of their childish pastimes; volunteering to carry for them their baskets and bags; resigning to them the best places at puppet-shows and juggling exhibitions; relinquishing for their benefit seats in steamboats and in carriages; and in short beginning betimes to let them see that, as American females, they are not expected to endure any privations or inconveniences that can be staved off by the males. Also, you will never see an American woman working out in the fields, or exposed to any drudgery that is humiliating or unfeminine."

"Is it true, also," said the Englishman, "that as our tourists assure us, this self-denying devotion on the part of your men is never acknowledged or rewarded by any expression of gratitude on the part of your women?"

"I fear," replied Mr. Bromfield, "that in too many instances this allegation has been founded on fact. With innumerable exceptions, there is, perhaps, a large proportion of our women who seem to regard every man they chance to meet with as 'being born for their use, and living but to oblige them.'"

"The reason of that apparent indifference with which American ladies are supposed to receive civilities," said Mr. Cessford, "is because they are so much accustomed to them. These attentions and kindnesses from our sex to theirs are of daily and hourly recurrence, (as they ought to be,) so that they are considered on both sides as matters of course—things which there is nothing particularly praiseworthy in performing, but which it would be disgraceful to omit. It is true that many of our ladies would no more think of making an acknowledgement to a gentleman for resigning a place to them, than to the servant who changes their plates at the dinner table. And why should they? Are we not sufficiently repaid by the pleasure of having added to their accommodation?"

"Yet they would be much displeased at the omission of any of those acts of civility," observed Mr. Bromfield.

"They would be surprised, astonished, shocked, disgusted—as well they might be; and yet they would have too much dignity to notice it at the time, though it might not very soon be forgotten or forgiven. But I conceive that it would be utterly impossible for an American man to treat a woman rudely. Any one that *could* do so would degrade himself forever, and incur the scorn and contempt of his own sex, as well as of theirs."

"You speak very strongly, my young friend," said a gentleman named Ashwood; "nevertheless, in the main you are quite right. I have travelled much in the new settlements; and even from the wildest and roughest backwoodsman I have seen no instance of rudeness to a woman. A woman may travel in a public conveyance from Maine to Florida without an escort, and it will be her own fault if she meets with the slightest disrespect or annoyance from any of her own countrymen; always excepting those who use tobacco. A stranger will not presume to speak to a lady whom he does not know, unless by doing so he can render her some material assistance; but he will tacitly and respectfully forego his own comfort and convenience to promote hers. And even if he is a tobacco chewer, he will try to avoid spitting directly on her dress; neither will he smoke a cigar exactly in her face."

"Still," said Mr. Bromfield, "I do persist in saying that our ladies, in return, *should* evince a little more regard for the convenience of gentlemen, even if they do not acknowledge their civilities. For instance, a lady ought not to keep a gentleman waiting to go out with her, when she knows his time to be precious. If she has not a carriage of her own and cannot afford to hire one, and there is no man in her family, she should not be too much in the practice of making sociable tea-visits at far-off houses, (particularly when the sky threatens a storm,) and depending for an escort home on a gentleman who may be over-fatigued with the business of the day, or who is perhaps in infirm health, and who in his heart would much rather be excused the necessity of walking two or three miles that evening, perhaps in a heavy rain. Again: ladies should dispense with feathered hats, large bonnets, caps, turbans, or whatever their head-dresses may be called, when they visit a place of public amusement. They should make a particular point on these occasions (if they cannot go bare-headed) of wearing some close, neat, pretty little thing that will not intercept the view of any person behind them.—When I see a lady, on a crowded night, on a front seat at the theatre in a large hat and feathers, I always set her down as a vain, selfish, and perhaps insolent woman; such a one as I could neither love nor marry."

"And yet perhaps it may be mere want of consideration," observed the young officer.

The other gentlemen all united in declaring that no woman could possibly put on a large head-dress before going to the theatre without knowing at the time that by doing so she would prevent at least half a dozen persons from snatching even a glimpse of the performance, except in the most tantalizing and painful manner.

"Fortunately, however," said the most fashionable man in company, "among really genteel women the custom of wearing hats or bonnets at the theatre is nearly exploded."

"Again," pursued Mr. Bromfield, "why cannot ladies who are going to concerts or lectures, so make their arrangements as to be there at the proper hour, instead of causing a disturbance by coming in late, when the company is all seated and perhaps the entertainment of the evening commenced. Then, when they find themselves late, why are they not contented to take what they deserve, places on the back seats: instead of marching resolutely towards those that are nearest the front, and dislodging gentlemen who have earned good accommodations by coming early, and perhaps waiting an hour before the commencement of the performance; the said gentlemen (in consequence of vacating in favor of women whom they neither know nor care for) being obliged to stand all the remainder of the evening."

"Less still," said Mr. Ashwood, "are ladies to be excused for going late into a strange church, disturbing the minister, and interrupting the attention of the congregation. Instead of slipping into a seat near the door, are they to be regarded with indulgence when they walk straight up the middle aisle and stand persistently before the entrance of one of the best pews: looking boldly and steadfastly in, till they have dispossessed whatever gentlemen may be sitting there, and sent them to seek for a place wherever they can."

"I have often been tempted to wish," said Mr. Kingland, who was a member of congress, "that all women were excluded, as they are in England, from admittance into the galleries of our halls of legislation."

"Am I hearing rightly?" exclaimed the young lieutenant.

"Yes," continued Mr. Kingland; "let them be satisfied with reading the debates when they appear in the newspapers. Their doing so every day will be a sufficient test of the interest they really take in political affairs, and of their capacity to understand them. At Washington I have often felt much compassion for gentlemen whom I saw to be deeply interested in listening to the debates, and to whom it was probably of consequence to hear them well, and to be possessed of the particulars on that very day—I have, I say, really grieved when I saw such gentlemen disturbed and dislodged from their seats, to make room for a party of foolish girls, gallanted by some empty-headed idler about town—girls that, even when Mr. Clay or Mr. Webster were speaking on a subject of intense importance, kept up all the time a silly whispering with each other about some nonsense of their own, or a giggling flirtation with their beau. I could not help thinking how much better it would be for those young ladies (particularly if residents in Washington, where hearing the debates could be no novelty) to stay at home and attend to household affairs, or to ply their needles usefully, or to improve their minds with a book: rather than encourage the habit of regarding a visit to 'the house' as an indispensable part of their daily routine. Also, few of the families that live in Washington can afford to keep their daughters in idleness."

"I am glad to find," said Mr. Mainwaring, "that there are Americans who are not entirely blind to the faults and foibles of their own people: displeased as they always are with the pictures drawn of them by our English tourists."

"It is not because those pictures are too severe," rejoined Mr. Kingland, "but because their severity is not well-directed. To give a true picture of American society you must make the lights as prominent as they really are, and above all things you must put the shadows in the right places. But most of your British travellers, from some strange obliquity of vision, which seemed to attack them as soon as they set foot on our shores, see nearly everything through a false medium. Passing over innumerable blemishes in character and manners, of which we are fully conscious ourselves, and which we readily acknowledge to be wrong and absurd, they take up ideas that have no foundation, and misrepresent us on points of which we are wholly innocent. An American, in writing of America, is always sincere: he 'nothing extenuates, and sets down naught in malice': he tells what he has really seen, and gives to his country and her people their rightful share of praise and blame. Yet in England he is rarely quoted as authority, when the land in which he was born and brought up is the subject of discussion. An Englishman would rather take his impressions of America from another Englishman who has run through the whole Union in a few months (or perhaps weeks) and knows nothing of the people except as he glanced at them on railroads, in steamboats, or at the tables of hotels. If he is a gentleman and has been admitted into good society, he judges of the men and women of America from what he sees of them on occasions where, of all others, there is less real development of character—that is, at dinner parties, evening parties, and at balls. It is only in the familiar intercourse of private life that a people can be really known and understood by a foreigner. And even then, it requires a long time to know them thoroughly, and to have opportunities of observing all the minute touches and the blending of tints that contribute to forming the picture."

"I go so far as to say," resumed Mr. Bromfield, "that no man can correctly and understandingly describe a country and its inhabitants unless he himself is native and compatriot; or unless it has been his home from childhood. Are we not better acquainted with Scotland and the Scotch from the novels of Sir Walter and the poetry of Burns than from all the tours in the highlands and tours in the lowlands that ever were indited by their English neighbors? Who has described the Irish with the truth and power of Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, and Mrs. Hall—all of them Irish women? Could the most enlightened stranger that ever visited England give us such pictures of fashionable society as have been painted by Lady Charlotte Bury, Lady Blessington, and Mrs. Gore? And who but a man that had actually passed his life among them, could

depict with the intimate knowledge and the graphic verisimilitude of Dickens, that class emphatically termed 'the English people?'"

"I believe you are right," said Mr. Mainwaring, "and therefore as my stay in your country will not exceed a twelvemonth, I will not presume to write a book about it. Let me do myself the justice to say, that in reading the accounts of America that have been promulgated by English travellers, there are very few in which I have not detected glaring discrepancies, gross improbabilities, and palpable misrepresentations; all originating from the prejudices that my countrymen are too justly accused of entertaining against every nation but their own. Above all, do not imagine me a believer in Mrs. Trollope."

"I am glad to hear you say so," exclaimed Cressford.

"And yet," observed Mr. Kingland, "there are many things in Mrs. Trollope's book that *ought* to be believed, because they are unfortunately too true. The veracity of this lady is not always unimpeachable, and she was much soured by the pecuniary disappointments that followed her to America, and also by her not being received into the best society. Still her representations, though coarse, are in many things too faithful—to our shame be it spoken. It is true she has been so unfair as to represent the habits of the people whom she chanced to know as the habits that prevail throughout America. Not, however, that her associates were of the class insinuated by a western publisher, when with more wit than candor he transposed the title of her work from 'Domestic Manners of Americans' to 'Manners of the American Domestic.'—Neither does she deserve the sweeping conclusion of a writer in the New Monthly, who despatches her book in one line by saying 'Mrs. Trollope is a trollop.' Her countryman does her great injustice; she is, I believe, of highly respectable parentage, and has been extremely well educated. There can be no doubt that she is a very talented woman, (notwithstanding her coarseness,) and a writer of great ability.—And when, in her book of America, Mrs. Trollope describes what she has actually seen with her own eyes and heard with her own ears, (instead of pinning her faith upon the mystifications and falsifications of others,) she is seldom so far from the truth as many people suppose."

"I believe her book to have done much good on our side of the Atlantic," said Mr. Bromfield; "and indeed we ought to consider it rather an advantage to have such a scavenger once in a while going through our country, and raking up our dirt, and piling it up in full glare of the sun. We may thus become fully aware of much that, if left to ourselves, we should never have discovered."

The conversation of the gentlemen was now interrupted by their arrival at the town of Staremborg, where the stopping of stages for a few minutes to water the horses costs all the inhabitants the loss of an hour's work—first, in the time employed in gazing at these daily phenomena, and next in the time employed in talking them over after they were gone. Having just passed through the aforesaid town of Staremborg, the last of the four vehicles (our stage) suddenly drew up before a house that stood far back from the road, with a sort of garden in front, having a wooden paling and a gate.

"Why are you stopping again?" said one of the gentlemen looking out, and addressing the driver—"whose house is that?"

"It is Mrs. Hardwick's," replied the man, "and there is the lady herself standing in the porch. She has just made a sign that she wants to get in; and she is giving her last orders to her women; and her baggage has already been placed at the gate."

"Get in—where?" said two or three gentlemen.

"Into this stage. I suppose when the two others passed she saw that she could not be comfortable in any of them, on account of the children, and there being no room."

"But there is no room in this either," said half a dozen gentlemen.

"There is room for one more on the seat beside me," replied the driver, "provided he sits a good deal towards the end—to be sure, it's a rather close work to be driving a team of four horses when one's elbows are wedged."

"And dangerous too," remarked the Englishman.

"The stage is quite full already," said Mr. Bromfield; "there are nine grown persons in now, and nine is the number allotted by the regulations, and it is impossible for another one to obtain a seat in it."

"Yes," replied the driver, "but then we calculate on one of the gentlemen coming outside."

"It will not be me—it will not be me," was the exclamation of several voices.

"If the weather was fine I should not care much myself," said Mr. Ashwood, "but there is a cold, damp easterly wind, and there will be rain in less than ten minutes."

"But consider, sir, it is a lady," persisted the driver.

"Well," said Mr. Bromfield, "she has seen that the stage is full, and that she has no chance of getting a seat in it. And she must see, too, by the delay, that no one is willing to resign in her favor."

"She is coming towards the gate, still talking to her maids," said the Englishman. "Coachman, drive on; you have no right to take up a tenth passenger."

"Not without the gentlemen are agreeable," replied the driver; "that is, I cannot force an odd passenger into a stage after the lawful number is made up; but still I never knew a stage drive off and leave a lady standing at her gate."

"Then what does she stand for?" said Mr. Bromfield; "let her go back to her house and wait for a chance till to-morrow; or, why did she not send to engage a place yesterday?"



"Ladies seldom take the trouble to do that," replied the driver, "unless they've a gentleman to do it for them. When they know the stage passes their door, they mostly depend on getting in somehow."

"More shame for them," said Mr. Bromfield; "I wish in all such cases that *somehow* should prove to be no-how."

"She is coming straight to the gate," said the Englishman. "Coachman, I'll give you half a crown—half a dollar, I mean—if you'll drive on."

"I can't take a bribe, sir," said the man with dignity, "and I'm not a coachman, but a driver; I'm part owner of this line, and a gentleman myself."

"How unfortunate," exclaimed the Englishman. "There, now, she's opening the gate. What a disagreeable face she has," he added in a low voice. "Will nobody tell her she shan't come in?"

The lady came out of the gate and planted herself firmly on the roadside. It was evidently the settled purpose of her soul to get into that stage.

Several of the gentlemen now put out their heads to expostulate.

"Madam," said one, "we are all very sorry, but the stage is really quite full."

"We are all stowed as closely as possible," said to her a second.

"There is not even room for a kitten," said a third.

"None of us are very small," said the largest of the stout gentlemen.

"The stage is only intended for nine grown persons," said Mr. Kingsland; "so it is out of the question for us to take a tenth passenger."

"Unless, madam," said the Englishman, "you will content yourself to ride outside."

"Hush! hush!" exclaimed all the other gentlemen—"That will never do."

"A lady riding outside, and none but men within!" said Mr. Ashwood—"We should be hissed all along the road, and hooted in every town we passed through, and published in all the papers."

"And yet this is a land of liberty!" said Mr. Mainwaring sarcastically.

"It is," replied Mr. Ashwood—"but then we are required to defer to public opinion, and to respect the usages of society."

"Gentlemen," said the driver, "please to finish—I can wait no longer."

"Good morning, madam"—said most of the gentlemen, bowing to the lady—"Driver, go a-head!"

"Driver," said the lady, "get down, and open the door for me." The driver obeyed the lady.

"We are all very sorry, madam," said one gentleman.

"We should be delighted with your company," said another; "but indeed it is out of the question."

"We are nine already," said a third—"and there is really not an inch to spare for a tenth passenger."

"I don't expect to be squeezed in with nine people," said the lady, indignantly—"I have not the least idea of making myself uncomfortable. But I conclude, as a thing of course, that some one of you will have the civility to make room for me, by getting on and sitting with the driver."

"It's going to rain," said Mr. Ashwood.

"I can't help that," replied the lady, sharply.

"There is one man with me already," observed the driver—"However, I leave it to the gentlemen passengers—if they are willing, so am I. But it is time we were started; the other stages will wonder what's become of us."

The lady put her hand on the door, and her foot on the step.

"We are not willing," exclaimed several of the gentlemen.

"There is a rain coming on, and whoever rides outside will get wet," said Mr. Kingsland.

"And what then?" said Mrs. Hardwick, contemptuously—"I never saw a gentleman that minded a wetting when the accommodation of a lady was in question."

"Monstrous!" exclaimed the Englishman.

"Dear madam," said Mr. Ashwood, "let me advise you not to persist in this matter. Try and recollect if your journey cannot as well be deferred until to-morrow—surely it is not on business of life and death."

"It is on no business at all," replied the lady scornfully. "Do you suppose that ladies like me ever travel on business? If you *must* know, I am going to surprise some friends with an unexpected visit—and my trunk, and my carpet-bag, and my handbox are all packed, and standing here at the gate. And I have got on my travelling dress, and am all ready; and I don't choose to get unready again, and wait till to-morrow."

The gentlemen looked more particularly at the lady. She was a woman somewhere between forty and fifty, and rather beyond the middle size, both in length and breadth. She might once have been handsome; but her face was now only remarkable for its very unamiable expression. She was arrayed in a thick hard gray cloth riding-habit; and over that a very cumbersome and voluminous brown merino cloak, with a full cape nearly as long as the cloak itself and something wider; and over that a very slippery and troublesome-looking bonnet. On her head was a wide-spreading Leghorn bonnet with towering bows. In her hand she carried a square travelling basket of inconvenient shape and size. On her feet were gaiter-boots that seemed as if the soles were not only double, but treble or fourble. Except for its inconvenient heaviness, her whole costume looked as if intended for a pedestrian tour to the Rocky Moun-

tains, rather than for a few hours' ride over good roads and through a populous country. Within the inclosure stood two Irish maid-servants, who had followed her to the gate; and they exchanged with each other significant glances, as the gentlemen preferred their objections to admitting Mrs. Hardwick into the stage.

"Coachman, drive on," said Mr. Mainwaring—"when the stage has already its full complement, what right has an extra passenger to be inflicted upon us? Is there no law against a woman stopping the stage, and forcing herself into it?"

"None that I know of," replied the driver. "It's a thing they always will do—and they would do it all the same even if there was a law against it. Even if a gentleman should be so ungenteel as to prosecute a lady, the jury would all agree to let her off, or the judge would sentence her to nothing. We men always get the worst of it."

"Shameful!" exclaimed the Englishman. "I'll never become a citizen of a country where women are such drawbacks to comfort."

"But what is to be done," said another gentleman; "is the stage to be kept standing here all day?"

"I'd rather pay the amount of her fare myself," said a third gentleman—"if the loss of that is any object, than either to have her crammed into the stage, or to give up my place to her and go outside."

"As to her fare," replied the driver, "I scorn money as much as you can, both paper and specie. But it's a thing I never did in my life, to drive off my team and leave a lady standing in the road. I should not know how to go about it. It would not tell well, and might injure the line."

"We'll take the responsibility!" exclaimed most of the gentlemen.

Mrs. Hardwick heard all this with the most perfect *sang-froid*: still keeping her foot firmly on the step, and her hand firmly on the door, and looking pertinaciously in the faces of the gentlemen. The driver stood fidgeting impatiently beside her: and her two women tittered and whispered at the gate, apparently enjoying the scene.

"Madam," urged Mr. Bromfield, trying to argue the matter calmly—"I really think your own delicacy might prompt you to give up this determination to join our company to-day, when you see that we are all obliged to express our unwillingness to receive an addition to our already complete number. Being now on the spot, you can easily engage a seat for to-morrow's stage. Positively there is not an inch of room to spare for you this day."

"Is there no one among you that is gentleman enough to ride outside, for the sake of making room within for a lady?"—persisted Mrs. Hardwick—as regardless of all that had passed, as if she had not heard a word of it.

This appeal produced excuses all round, in allusion to the approaching rain, which from the appearance of the clouds threatened to be long and heavy. One of the nine gentlemen could not expose his new great coat, nor another his new hat. One had his cloak packed in his trunk, and could not get at it; one had the rheumatism, and rubbed his left shoulder very hard with his right hand; another had a cold, of which he gave immediate evidence by coughing loudly. The father of nine children could not, for their sakes, expose himself to the risk of getting wet and perhaps dying in a rapid consumption. The widower of three wives had been but a few weeks married to a fourth, who would think it quite too soon for him to catch cold and die. Another gentleman could not ride on a high unguarded seat without becoming dizzy, and in danger of falling off and getting killed. The Englishman merely said (as was true) that no one had a right to expect him to relinquish his seat, and that he had the law on his side; so he folded his arms, contracted his brows, compressed his lips, and sat firm. The member of congress took out a newspaper and began to read. And Mr. Bromfield insisted in vain that the driver should jump into his seat and go on.

"How can I," said the driver, "when a lady is keeping her foot on the step and her hand on the door?"

At last the young officer (who had changed color repeatedly, and seemed unwilling to trust himself to speak while the other gentlemen were arguing and resisting) started up and exclaimed—"I can bear this no longer—Madam, though I am sorry to see you so persevering, I will vacate my seat in your favour, and ride outside with the driver. As to the weather, exposure to its inclemencies is a part of my duty—I have been two years in the Florida war."

"And you look much the worse for it," observed Mr. Bromfield.—"The swamps have not agreed with you; I suspect you have just recovered from a long illness, and are going home an invalid."

"No matter," said Mr. Cessford—"one wetting more or less is no consequence to me now. I am too well used to them."

The young gentleman then made an attempt to get out: but Mr. Bromfield and Mr. Ashwood pulled him back, as the wind had brought up a heavy cloud, and the rain was now falling in large drops.

"It is raining on the lady," said the officer—struggling to get out.

"Perhaps she will go back to her house"—said Mr. Kingsland, looking off his paper.

No such thing—Mrs. Hardwick unshrinkingly maintained her ground, knowing that the gentlemen (however she might deserve it) would not allow her to be exposed to the pelting of the storm.

"Decide—gentlemen—decide," said the driver, "which of you is to ride with me. I cannot wait another moment."

To be brief the officer sprang out and assisted the lady into the coach, and was then about to place himself with the driver. But Mr. Bromfield who had an umbrella with him, and was in robust health, had alrea-

dy taken the seat and steadily refused to relinquish it: contending that the young gentleman from Florida had already suffered enough from exposure to weather. Mr. Bromfield held the reins while the driver attended to Mrs. Hardwick's baggage. Her two Irish girls slammed the gate, sheltered their heads by throwing over them the skirts of their gowns, and ran back to the house: laughing loudly, as the stage finally drove off with the lady in it.

Mrs. Hardwick's trunk had been put behind with those of the gentlemen, but she declared that, on account of the rain, her carpet-bag and her handbox *should* go inside. So the carpet-bag rolled about the floor of the stage among the feet of every body: and she requested the young officer to take charge of her handbox, which he could only do by holding it in his lap. After she was fixed on the back seat, spreading herself out, and occupying twice as much space as was necessary, the ungracious lady looked around ferociously upon the delinquent company: as if the favor of admitting her had been entirely cancelled by their demurring so long about it. Every one felt uncomfortably; and as no man knew what to say, there was a silence for more than a quarter of an hour. At last the young officer, compassionating Mrs. Hardwick in the goodness of his heart, and thinking she must feel some "compunctious visitings," (which she did not,) endeavored to commence a dialogue by addressing to her some remark about the country through which they were passing; to which she answered only in monosyllables, and with a very ill grace. The gentlemen all felt her a check upon their conversation, as is always the case when a person is present who will neither talk nor be talked to—much less when that person is one whom none of the company are disposed to like.

The rain increased, and the wind rose and blew so furiously under the umbrella as to break it; and Mr. Bromfield was soon most deplorably wet, his great coat being completely saturated. The driver was protected by an oil-cloth coat and hat. The farmer that sat on the other side, took his leave at the end of three miles having arrived at his own house. Mr. Bromfield was now left alone with the driver, who said to him in a low voice, "I knew there would be no use in trying to avoid Mrs. Hardwick. She is one of those women that always *will* get into the stage. She would have stood there till doomsday before she would have given up and gone back to her house, and waited till to-morrow—I know her of old, for I used to live in her neighborhood. But as to forcing a woman away from the coach-door and driving off, and leaving her standing in the road with the rain raining on her, it's one of the things I never could bring myself to do; let her deserve it ever so much."

"Who is Mrs. Hardwick?"—asked Mr. Bromfield.

"She is the widow of Judge Hardwick, of these parts. She had a first husband that belonged down east, and he died very soon (as well he might), and before she had been a widow two months, she set her cap for Judge Hardwick, who was very rich, and hated her like poison; but for all that somehow she got him to marry her. You have seen how she perseveres. And then he brought her here to live, in a house that his father had left him. They had no children. So she persevered also in making him leave her everything when he died, and nothing at all to his sisters, and nephews, and nieces. She is not on speaking terms with any of his people, or her own either—and here she lives by herself with two women, (mostly Irish) that she changes (or rather they change themselves,) every two or three weeks. She says she likes retirement and wants no visitors. She has some saying about her always being a stranger to a person that she calls Ann Wee, and about her never being alone when she is alone; which sounds like nonsense. However the truth is, that her wanting no company in her own house is nothing but meanness, for she likes company very well at other people's houses. When Judge Hardwick was alive, he was a very open-hearted, free-handed man, and had friends all through the country, and all over the state, and *would* entertain them and their wives in spite of her. So she has ever since been paying off these visits ninefold. And that's the reason she is always getting into stages. There is nothing in the world to prevent Madam Hardwick from keeping a carriage of her own, except meanness; or why she should not have a seat engaged for herself beforehand. But instead of that, she takes her stand, and depends on perseverance. She has been the tenth passenger many a time, always dislodging somebody from his place; for no matter how slim all the others are, she is determined for her part not to sit crowded. And she never will say how far she wants to go till the stage gets to the very place; another proof that the old boy is always in her."

"What was the name of her first husband?"—asked Mr. Bromfield.

"Her first husband was Mr. Littleton," replied the driver. "He was a poor weak-minded fellow, but of a high family. She was a Miss Catharine Flintham, and counted a great beauty when she was young. It was said that she jilted a very fine young man, that she was engaged to before she laid siege to poor foolish Littleton. And the fine young man took the loss of her so to heart that he disappeared forever. Some said he took poison—some that he put a pistol to his head—and others that he hanged himself."

"No he did not"—exclaimed Mr. Bromfield, after giving a start that almost threw him off the box. "He died neither by poison, pistol or rope, for I am that fine young man myself. I thought there was something in her face that was familiar to me, though I have not seen her these twenty years—and after I left America I resolved never even to inquire after her. As it is, I can never be sufficiently grateful to this woman for jilting me."

"To be sure you can't"—said the driver—"You've had a lucky escape."

Mr. Bromfield then looked back through the front glass at his old sweetheart, who sat up erect, and wide-spread, and inconvenient, on the back seat, looking disagreeably with all her might: silent herself, and the cause of silence in others. He turned away with a sort of disgust, and fell into a deep reverie, which the driver at last interrupted by saying:—"And so you are getting all this wetting for her. A pity you did not find her out in time to make yourself known."

"I am glad I did not"—said Mr. Bromfield.

"You'd better not have any thing to say to her," observed the driver. "If she sets about persevering she'll make you marry her after all.—There's no standing that woman."

"I *will* have nothing to say to her," said Mr. Bromfield. "And I neither wish herself or any one else to be aware of my ever having seen her before."

"Then don't look much at her," said the driver.

Mr. Bromfield relapsed into a reverie. In the mean time several of the gentlemen, including Mr. Kingsland, Mr. Ashwood, and particularly Mr. Cessford, importuned him to come into the stage, and let one of them take his place outside. But he always refused, saying that he could not be more wet than he was; that he had a very good constitution; and that if he *was* to get his death by taking cold, he had gotten it already; and that it was not worth while to have more victims. Mrs. Hardwick looked daggers at Mr. Bromfield; and the last time he turned his head towards the company, a change came over the spirit of her face as if she recognized him. However she made no sign.

At length they stopped at their dining place, which was in the town of Big Chickets. The officer handed out Mrs. Hardwick, and was conducting her to the eating-room, where the table was already set. "I don't dine here," said she, and accosting the landlord who knew her very well, she desired him to get one of his people to convey her baggage to Mrs. Cramwell's in Corn-street.

"To be sure it's none of my business," replied the landlord; "but maybe madam, you don't know that Mrs. Cramwell's house is chuck full. She has eight of her husband's folks staying there, and two whole families of her own people. She has had to borrow pillars and kiver-lids of me."

"No matter," returned Mrs. Hardwick—"She'll have to give me a room somehow. They must only stow the closer. It is at least two months since my last visit there."

"Then turning to Mr. Bromfield with desperate assurance—"I believe, sir, your name is Bromfield—will you have the goodness to take your umbrella and escort me to my friend Mrs. Cramwell's in the next street? You may probably get back in time for dinner."

"Excuse me, Miss Flintham," replied Mr. Bromfield, with equal desperation—"my umbrella has been broken by the storm, which seems to have set in for the day. As I can now have an opportunity of resuming my place inside of the stage, I must hasten to get a change of dry clothes out of my trunk, before I proceed on my journey."

The landlord then interposed, and offered to lend her an umbrella, which she could send back by the man that wheeled her baggage. The young officer, in the overflowing of his politeness, seized the umbrella and proposed to walk with the lady to the house of her friend. On their way thither, she made out to inform him, that Mr. Bromfield was once a beau of hers; but he was so changed by living in foreign countries, and had become such a fright, that she had not recognized him till they all got out of the stage.

Mrs. Cramwell's door was opened by a girl and six children, all of whom had accompanied her to see who it was that had come. The girl looked aghast, and the children scampered off to run and tell Mrs. Cramwell. Mr. Cessford made his parting bow: and Mrs. Hardwick thanked him for his civility with a cold courtesy.

While changing his soaked habiliments, Mr. Bromfield mentally congratulated himself on his accidental meeting with Mrs. Hardwick under circumstances which were calculated to show her disposition in its true light; proving to him how little he had lost in losing her, and precluding all possibility of his ever again being induced to renew his addresses.

The dinner was soon despatched; the nine gentlemen, full of stern resolutions, returned to the stage, which was now supplied with fresh horses and another driver, with whom they took care to stipulate that they should certainly inform against him if, during the remainder of the journey, they were again incommoded by his taking up a tenth passenger.

"WHERE IS CAPT. SCHENLEY?"—Yesterday, says a late English paper, at a special confirmation held purposely at St. Paul's, Mrs. Schenley, the youthful bride of E. W. H. Schenley, Esq., was confirmed by the Lord Bishop of London, dean of St. Paul's, &c. This lady, respecting whose marriage the American newspapers have indulged in so much rancour and rhodomontade, has been sitting for her portrait to T. Lewis, Esq.

There exists in some parts of Germany a law to prevent drinking during divine service on Sunday. It runs thus:—"Any person drinking in an alehouse during divine service on Sunday, or other holiday, may legally depart without paying."



From Colburn's New Monthly.

## TALENTS MISAPPLIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF PETER PRIGGINS.

ONE very fine morning in the glorious month of June, as Alderman Mango, of the firm of Mango, Guava, and Shaddock, the largest West India merchants in the rich but dirty city of Bristol, was sitting in his counting-house, meditating on a rise in rums and an increased demand for sugars, he was roused from his reverie by one of the porters, who brought information of the safe arrival in King's-road of one of their largest vessels.

This ship, which was called "The Alderman Mango," out of compliment to himself, had been long expected—indeed, so long, that it had been openly asserted by the knowing in such matters in Bristol, that "it was all up with the Alderman," by which they meant that the good ship was gone down. The truth of the assertion was so nearly proved to the worthy owners, that they were upon the point of calling upon the underwriters to "dub up," as they termed paying the amount of the insurances.

When then Mango heard of "The Alderman's" safe arrival, he merely just popped his head into his partners' rooms to inform them of the joyful news, and hurried down to the quay. There he quickly embarked aboard one of his boats and ordered the crew to row him down the Avon, to the spot where the long-expected vessel had dropped her anchor, and was waiting for the next tide to waft her up to her moorings beside the quay.

A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether,

soon brought him alongside of his namesake.

The man-ropes were eagerly seized by the alderman; he was quickly upon deck and conducted by the captain into his cabin.

After a long and hearty shaking of hands and exchanging of good wishes, the captain satisfied the inquiries of his owner as to the cause of his delay in arriving in port. He explained to him that a storm had arisen of so severe a character, and attended with such disastrous consequences, that he had been compelled to cut away his masts and let them go by the board, and to throw overboard the heaviest but least valuable part of his cargo. By great good luck he had been discerned by a passing vessel, the master of which, pitying his crippled state, had towed him into the nearest port, where he had to stay to refit. He had had no means of communicating with England, as no ship had left home during the time he was refitting.

"And now," said Captain Brunt, "while you, sir, overhaul the log and examine the bill of lading, I'll go and order some turtle to be heated, and make some of the lime punch you used to praise so much."

"By all means," said Alderman Mango, smacking his lips; "you are a considerate man, Brunt, and never forget to furnish a Bristolian with what he loves best."

While Brunt was absent,

On hospitable thoughts intent,

Alderman Mango proceeded to examine the books and papers laid before him.

Just as he was in the midst of the list of rums, sugars, plantains, and cocoas saved from destruction, he was interrupted by a shrill cry, such as in earlier days he had often heard from his own nursery. He laid down his pencil with which he had been checking off the bills of lading and listened attentively. Again his ear was saluted with a sharp "Yah-ab-ah!" terminating in a shake *alto*.

"That's certainly a child—certainly—can't be a doubt about it."

"Yah-ab-ah-ah," with an accompaniment *obligato* of "Hush! dearest, hush! there's a little dear—hush!—hush!—hush!" confirmed the worldly alderman's impression.

"Well—that's very odd!" said Mango, removing his spectacles, and turning his best ear towards a door in the cabin whence the sounds seemed to come. "Very odd, indeed! Brunt is not a married man. He knows we strictly forbid him to carry passengers. Eh—it's very odd, indeed."

"Yah-ab-ah-ah-ah!" *crescendo*.

"I'll know the cause of this—it is very odd! I'll open the door and investigate," said Mango, rising from his seat, and approaching the door.

"Bless me—this is still odder! Why the door is locked and no key in the lock. I'll peep—there can be no harm in that."

Just as the worthy alderman had sunk on one knee, to do as he had determined to do—to peep—the cabin door was opened by Captain Brunt.

Mango jumped up and looked more like a criminal than the captain whom he strongly suspected of having contraband goods aboard.

Each eyed the other in silence for a minute or so, and then the alderman in reply to Brunt's look interrogative, gave a peculiar shrill but low whistle, and pointing to the door with his reversed thumb winked very furiously.

Brunt burst out into a hearty laugh, and coming close to his "owner" gave him a hard dig in the ribs, and winked still more furiously.

"Sly dog, Brunt!—very sly—very odd, indeed! married, eh? or run off with a *mustee* or *fustee*, you dog?—eh?—very odd, indeed—got piccaninny, too, eh?—little Bambino, ah! ah! ah! Keep it secret though—

won't do to tell in Queen's-square," said the alderman, and he dug away at poor Brunt's ribs.

"Wrong in your reckoning, Mr. Mango, this time—heave the lead again, and see what fresh mark you can call," said Brunt, looking serious.

"I'll swear I heard a piccaninny's yah!-ah!-ah!-ah!—and a woman's hush!—hush!—hush! I'll swear to it—know the sounds from experience, and it's very odd, indeed," said Mango, looking positive and as serious as his captain.

"There you are quite right, sir," said Brunt; "but here comes Jumbo, the black cook, with the turtle, and when you have done justice to his cooking, which I think outsails the Montague's by many knots, I'll explain all about the sounds you have heard from my cabin."

Alderman Mango was soon diligently employed in investigating the mysteries of calipash, calipe, and green fat. The inquiry seemed to be very interesting, and to require all his attention, as he did not speak one word, but turned his eyes in a contemplative manner to the deck above as he slowly discussed the peculiar flavor of each mouthful as he masticated it. When he had finished a huge plateful of his favorite dish, he dropped his spoon, rubbed his hands rapidly together, and sighed out, "Inimitable!"

Brunt, who had been watching his owner, delighted to see the gleams of satisfaction that flashed from his eyes, without inquiring whether or not it would be agreeable, poured out a large goblet of lime-punch from a huge pitcher, and handed it to the alderman.

Mango smiled graciously as he received it, and when he had absorbed the contents, smacked his lips, again rubbed his hands, and again sighed forth, "Inimitable!"

Jumbo summoned from his caboose by a touch of the bell, quickly removed the soup-tureen, and placed before the eyes of the delighted alderman a dish of stewed fins so well spiced and seasoned, that the very odor, resembling those gales that we are told are

Wafted o'er Araby's bless'd lands,

seemed to have digested the previously consumed mass of calipash and calipee, and to have created a fresh and more vigorous appetite.

Mango was so abstractedly occupied in this unexpected treat that he forgot every thing about the screaming piccaninny and its soothing nurse.

When, however, he "could no more," and had swallowed his second goblet of punch, and pronounced it "Inimitable!" a scream of the infant from the same quarter in which he had heard it before, reminded him of the promise which had Brunt had made him of elucidating the mystery. He held out his goblet to be replenished, and pointed with his reversed thumb to the door of the sleeping cabin or berth, as a hint to the captain, who, taking the hint, thus began—

"Why, you see, Mr. Mango, as touching the little infant that you heard signalling from my berth, and the lady who was trying to silence his cries with her lullaby, the truth is simply this.

"Just as we were all ready to sail from Jamaica, and the last boat was leaving us for shore, and I and your consignee was taking a parting glass, to drink success to trip over home, I heard such a noise upon deck, such a hubbub of voices, shouting, and scuttling about, that I fancied a shark was alongside, and the men were getting ready to put a harpoon into him.

"While I was fancying this and other things beside, I was informed by the first mate, who came in a hurry into the cabin, that a lady with a little child and a large trunk was alongside in a boat, rowed by one of the natives, who insisted on seeing me as she wished to take a passage with me to England.

"I went to the gangway, and there, sure enough, was a lady—a poor, delicate, sickly-looking thing—with a mere infant wrapped in a cloak on her knees, sitting in the stern of a little cock-boat, wringing her hands, and crying fit to injure her pretty black eyes for ever. As I had strict orders not to bring home passengers, and had no accommodation for a female, in particular, I told her it was impossible for me to take her on board.

"Such a look of despair and terror as she gave me I never shall forget. She sobbed out a request that I would let her speak to me for five minutes in private. I could not refuse, so I changed places with blackee, who had rowed her from shore, and pushed to a short distance from 'The Alderman' to get out of earshot of her crew.

"It was sometime before the lady could speak—for sobs choked her utterance, and she kept turning her head with an anxious look towards the shore, as if she dreaded pursuit of danger from that quarter.

"Come, madam," said I, as softly as my rough voice would allow me to speak, 'cheer up, and say what you wish to say, and rely on it, I will help you if I can.'

"Your name," said she, at length, 'is Brunt—is it not?'

"I nodded as much as to say yes.

"You command that vessel for the firm of Mango and Company of Bristol?"

"I nodded again.

"She seized my hand, and leaning forward so as to bring her sweet pale face close to mine, whispered, but so distinctly that I could hear every syllable—

"I was Julia Mango, the niece of the alderman, your employer—I am Julia Smithson—a widow and nearly childless, for in the past night they have murdered my husband and my three eldest—Oh! mercy, mercy! spare them—spare them!"



"As the lady shrieked out these cries for mercy, she turned one look of intense horror toward the shore, and would have fallen back in the boat had I not supported her. I sprinkled her face with water, and when she had sufficiently recovered to speak again, she told me that she wished to take her passage home with me, as she considered that her life was not safe if she remained in the island.

"I hesitated no longer, but got her on board as quick as possible, and resigned my berth to her. There and in this cabin she has passed her time ever since we sailed, and excepting at intervals during the storm which disabled us I have not seen her. With no one has she conversed but the poor blackee who brought her from shore, and who it appears saved her life when his fellow-slaves rose and murdered their master and the eldest children."

Alderman Mango had exhibited signs of great impatience during the latter part of Brunt's narrative, and when it was ended he dashed his hand so violently on the cabin-table as to upset the goblet and the jug which contained his favorite liquor.

"By heavens! this is too cool—here you suffer me to sit and enjoy your cursed turtle as calmly as if nothing had occurred, while my poor Julia, whom I believed to have been murdered with her husband and family, is within a few feet of me, and has been, most likely, listening to my praises of your cursed filthiness, and setting me down in her mind for a gluttonous, hard-hearted wretch. It is too cool!" said Mango, as he paced up and down the cabin.

"Do not judge so harshly of me, Mr. Mango," said Brunt, "I did all for the best. I did not know that you had been advised of the massacre, and I thought it best to break it to you by degrees, and as for the poor lady thinking you hard-hearted, and all that, she knows no more of what is passing round her than the infant who lies on her bosom. The shock has unsettled her reason, and she takes no notice of any one but her babe and Billy, as we call him, who saved her life."

The alderman extended his right hand to the captain in token of forgiveness, while with his left he removed the tears from his eyes which the short narrative of his niece's sad state had caused to flow.

After consulting together, Mango and Brunt agreed that the best plan of acting would be to summon Billy and order him to explain to his beloved mistress, as well as he could, that she had arrived in England, and that her friends were ready to convey her on shore.

Billy knocked in a peculiar way at the door of the berth, which was speedily opened, and Julia Smithson walked into the cabin, looking more like a being of the other world than of this, so attenuated was her frame, so pale—so deadly pale her face. She did not take notice of any one but her preserver, and on him she seemed to try to smile.

He told her that she was in England—that her friends waited to take her home—that her uncle Mango was there ready to receive her. At the name of England—at the sound of what had been her own name—her eyes glistened, the color flushed in her face—she cast a quick, alarmed look around the cabin, and, seeing her uncle, rushed towards him and fell into his arms, screaming out, "Oh! mercy, mercy!—spare them! spare them!"

Billy, with tears in his eyes, removed the infant from its mother's arms, and laid it on the cot. He then returned to his mistress with a restorative that he had been in the habit of using, but its application in this instance failed of its usual effect. Poor Billy, believing her to be dead, flung himself on the floor of the cabin, and began tearing his woolly hair, and uttering low plaintive sobs.

Alderman Mango carried his niece into the berth, and laid her on the cot by the side of her infant. Billy followed and took his station on the floor by the bed-side, and continued his wailings as he rocked his body backwards and forwards, exclaiming at intervals, "dead—dead—all dead now but poor little baby—all dead, all dead!"

Another consultation took place between the captain and the alderman. The result was that the barge was ordered alongside, and in a few minutes the lady, her infant, and her faithful follower were carefully placed on board her, and with the alderman and Brunt they were rowed rapidly to Bristol, and carried to Mango's house at Clifton, in his coach, which was waiting for him at the counting-house in Queen's-square.

When Julia Smithson arrived at her uncle's house, in which previously to her marriage she had spent many happy hours, and was conveyed to the apartment which was called her own room, she seemed to recognise the objects around her. Her recognition, however, of the furniture and books once so familiar to her, was quickly interrupted by the cries of her infant, whom she held closely to her bosom. She immediately directed all her attention to it, and, fixing her glazed eyes on its tearful face, rocked her body to and fro, to ease its pains or sooth its terrors.

Her aunt and a maiden lady, her sister-in-law, who constantly resided with her brother the alderman, found her in this state, closely attended by Billy, who had refused to obey the mandate of the maids to leave the room. Mrs. Mango took the wasted hand of her niece into her own, and spoke to her in the kindly tones of affection. The voice seemed to reach her ear, and to engage her attention. The babe, however, recommenced its cries, and all else was unattended by its mother. Miss Mango, or aunt Judith, as she was generally called, attempted, by using a gentle force, to remove the infant from its mother's bosom. The poor sufferer glanced upon her with the eyes of a maniac, clasped the child more closely to her breast, and shrieking out "Oh! mercy, mercy!—spare them! spare them!" fell back in a swoon.

Billy again threw himself on the carpet and commenced groaning and

moaning out that "All were dead—all dead now—all—all."

The ladies, greatly shocked and alarmed, despatched a servant for the family doctor, and until he arrived employed themselves in endeavoring to restore their niece by the means usually resorted to in such circumstances. Their exertions were vain. Julia was insensible to all their proceedings. She suffered her infant to be removed from her arms and transferred to the care of his preserver, who quickly silenced it by his caresses.

When the doctor arrived he pronounced his patient to be in a dangerous state from inflammation of the brain, and ordered her to be undressed and put to bed immediately.

His orders were obeyed, and after he had applied a blister to her head and used other means which he believed to be remedial, he announced his intention of sitting up with her and observing the effect of his applications. He caused every one to leave the room, fearing lest his patient might be disturbed by the slightest noise.

The alderman and his family retired to rest at their usual hour, leaving the infant to the care of Billy, who refused to resign his charge into any other hands, and pleaded his attentions to it during the voyage in proof of his ability to minister to all its wants.

In the middle of the night, when all was still and silent, the family were roused by screams so shrill as to penetrate to the remotest rooms in the house, and shrieks of "Mercy, mercy!—spare them, spare them!"

The whole family, domestics included, were soon assembled outside the sufferer's door. Mrs. Mango and aunt Judith opened it gently and beheld a sight which shocked them greatly. Julia was standing in the middle of the room, struggling violently with the doctor, and screaming out her usual cries for mercy. She had torn the dressings from her head and the bandage from her arm, a vein of which had been opened, and from which the blood was now streaming. By her side stood Billy, holding out the infant at arms length, and endeavoring to draw the mother's attention to it.

By the assistance of her aunts and the maid-servants, the doctor contrived to put his patient to bed again, and to hold her down by main force until she was exhausted by her struggles, and had exchanged her screams for a low moaning, in which the words "Spare them, spare them!—mercy, mercy!" were still audible at intervals.

In this state she lay for some time, and then appeared to fall into a calm and gentle sleep. Suddenly she started up and gazed around her, examined every place, as though in search of some one. Slowly and deliberately she removed her eyes from one to the other, until they rested on her babe. She then clasped her hands together, shouted "My child, my child, he has saved my child," and fell back on her pillow. The blood gushed in jets from her nose and ears, and in a few minutes she was a corpse. One of the overcharged vessels of the brain had burst, and put an end to her sufferings.

After the remains of poor Julia Smithson had been consigned to the grave, Brunt sailed for Jamaica in command of the Alderman Mango, leaving the little boy, who was christened Julio, the nearest male appellation to his mother's name, to the care of his uncle and aunts and of Billy, who refused to leave his charge.

That an infant, left an orphan under such distressing circumstances, should have been petted and caressed by all around him, is not to be wondered at. His every wish was anticipated, every want foreseen and supplied. Billy adored him, and made no scruple of laying hands on every thing, however fragile or valuable, which he thought would delight "lilly Massa July" as a plaything. Chinese vases, splendid shells and glass lustres, were cracked, broken, and smashed to fragments; silver spoons, forks, and sugar-tongs, were twisted into all kinds of shapes but their legitimate ones, and all to please "lilly massa." In vain did the housekeeper and the butler expostulate; master Billy danced, shouted, and laughed as heartily as his little charge, and set them both at defiance. The under-servants, male and female, as the property injured was not their own, of course prompted the sport.

Above stairs it was quite as bad. Alderman Mango stuffed the little child, the only memento of his niece, who had been unto him as his daughter, with all sorts of dainties, and furnished him with all sorts of playthings. He allowed him to pull his aldermanic nose until the tears trickled from his eyes with excess of pain; suffered him to sip from his glass of East India Madeira, and even, when a fit of the gout was on him, did not knock him down with his crutch when he trod on his tender toe.

Mrs. Mango and aunt Judith thought him the finest specimen of puerility in the world. Of course so fine a child deserved the finest clothes that could be procured, and little Julio was accordingly dressed out in the extremity of infant fashion. He seldom appeared in the same dress twice, for when the novelty had ceased to please him he ensured a new suit by tearing the former dress, by the aid of Billy, into "a thing of shreds and patches."

The only things he did not destroy were the pretty books with which his aunts furnished him. He guarded them with especial care, and would sit perfectly quiet for hours as long as any one would read to him, and explain the subjects of the pictures which they contained. If, while so agreeably engaged, master Billy attempted to interrupt him, he drove him away speedily, by applying his little feet energetically to his shins, which he soon found out were the only vulnerable parts about him. Billy used to cry and cry out, "lilly massa kick dam hard."

The only wise thing the ladies did to their protégé was to encourage



this early taste for reading or rather this love for books. They taught him to read, and were pleased and surprised at the progress he made.—His memory was so retentive, even in these his early days, that he never forgot a word or an idea after it had once been impressed upon it. In arithmetic he soon displayed precocious talents. The alderman was delighted at his astonishing readiness in solving difficult questions, and invited his partners, Messrs. Guava and Shaddock, to dine with him almost daily, in order to see their astonishment when a little child answered questions off hand, of which they were obliged to write down the figures, and to solve them in the usual counting-house method. In writing, Julio made but little progress. It was too mechanical an operation. He wanted to get into a running hand before he could walk through a large-text copy; but in drawing he displayed an early taste, and turned out similitudes of horses, dogs, and other animals, at five years of age, which would have done credit to many young gentlemen and ladies who had taken lessons at half a guinea per hour.

But I must not dwell too long on the childhood of my hero. I must beg of the reader to imagine that ten years have elapsed, and that Julio Smithson—no longer "lilly massa," but a fine youth of fifteen years of age—has buried his kind and generous uncle Mango, who having discharged his duty to the city as an alderman, was elected Mayor of Bristol, and injured his valuable health in setting his successors a proper example of civic hospitality.

I shall perhaps give a clearer notion of the character of Julio at this period of his life by transcribing a letter which he wrote to a friend and fellow-pupil at the public school and on the royal foundation of —, about a fortnight after the burial of his uncle, and while his aunts were hesitating whether to send him back to school, in order to prepare him for the university and one of the liberal professions, or put him into the counting-house under the firm of Guava, Shaddock and Mango:

"My dear Capel,

"I promised to write to you, and although disinclined to the task, I must fulfil my promise. I hate a fellow that says he will do a thing and don't do it. That is why I hate Reginald Muffson; he always says he won't crib your verses or your theme if you will just let him look them over, and will put in a few ideas of his own—which he never does—and gets you a flogging for cribbing from him. Well, I have buried my poor, kind, liberal uncle, who was to me more than a father. I regret his loss, but I regret still more the many annoyances I caused him. I would not call him 'old Turtlefat' again, if he were alive, for a double allowance of pocket-money. But he brought it on himself by over-indulging me, so it was not my fault entirely. Master Billy—my black nurse—you have heard me speak of him often, is sadly cut up at losing his best friend—next to myself. The rogue presumes on former favors, and told me the other day 'Massa, you dam-deal too impudent to Miss Fanny.' Now Fanny is my aunt's maid, and I merely chucked her under the chin, and asked her to be my wife, so I gave Master Billy a cut across the shins with a hockey-stick, and made him dance like mad. He is a good soul too; and, as you know, saved my life; but what business has he with Fanny?

"My good aunts are debating about the propriety or impropriety of sending me back to — again. They talk of entering me for the West Indian plate at the concern in Queen's-square. They need not trouble to consult about it, as I have already made up my mind on the subject. I mean to return to —, and then go to Oxford. I hate school it is true, but then I am at the head of it, and know every lesson that can be set me, and as to verses and themes I hold them cheap. I can win every prize if I please, and you will allow me to say so without accusing me of vanity, but I want others to have a chance. I hate being pointed out by old Doctor Trencher as a prodigy, and am resolved to annoy him by making all sorts of false concords and false quantities all next half, if I'm turned down into the fifth for it. You fellows annoy me too, by always picking me out as the best bowler and batter at cricket, and the best oar on the water. In the steeple-chase the other day you risked my neck, when you can ride nearly as well yourself. If Angelo's eye was to be poked out by a foil, why was I selected to do it? Frampton can fence nearly as well. Brooks, the bargeman has, I hope, recovered the thrashing I gave him. Barnet might just as well have taken him in hand, he can beat any boy in — but me. The fly-hook I whipped into Gregson's hand at thirty-five yards was cut out, I trust, without breaking off the barb—it was a good throw, was not it?

"Now all these things greatly annoy me at school, but then I look forward to Oxford. I will work when I get there. A double first—the Newdigate—Latin verse—and essay—I will gain all or—but this is bragging.

"As to sitting in the counting-house and doing rule of three, I won't stand it. "If one turtle gives a man the gout, how many will it take to produce apoplexy?" ha! ha! 'I'll have none on't.' I am independent—that is I shall be when I come of age, and I'm resolved to grace the bar—not of a police court, as I did the other day for improving the parish lamps by letting day light into them with pebbles—but the bar—I long for a wig and gown, and the power of abusing a sneaking, lying witness. I mean always to be for the defendant. If I don't get a brief, I'll get up as *amicus defendentis*, and swear he can't afford to pay a counsel.

"Be sure and take care of Juno and Dido. Get Harkover fired—he is weak before. If old Trencher hears of my keeping a hunter and a brace of pointers, tell him my physician swears it is necessary for my health.

"I shall be back with you next half. Give Jenny and Polly, the wa-

terman's pretty daughters, a guinea a piece for me. You owe me five on the Derby. Tell Skirts, the tailor, that my note of hand, which comes due next Tuesday, must be renewed for a month—or he may take it up and I'll give him £10 over.

I must seal this at once, for fear Aunt Judith, who is curious in such matters, should read it. I think it would give her too clear an insight into the morality of —. If my chest of cigars is come, help yourself freely, but don't let the snobs get at them—they cost three guineas per pound at H—n's.

"In secula seculorum, vel potius.

"Thine,

"JULIO SMITHSON."

By this letter the reader will see that Julio was a most accomplished little scamp. It will only be necessary to add that, like another Crichton, he excelled all his schoolfellows in every thing. Being able to get up his construes and do his exercises with great rapidity, he passed his ample leisure time in concocting and executing all sorts of plans for fun and mischief. At the annual examination at —, he gained every prize for which he tried, had his compositions printed in the school *musæ*, and was elected off to Christ-Church College, Oxford, with a valuable exhibition.

Thither he went, and in the first two years of his residence he, by hard reading, not only passed his "smalls"—his first public examination—but gained the Newdigate English prize-poem, and the thanks of his college, accompanied by many presents of useful and gorgeously-bound books.

Suddenly his exertions ceased. College became distasteful to him, and he employed himself in writing lampoons and satires, not only upon the Dons of his college whom he began to detest because they expostulated with him on the impropriety of his proceedings, but upon the undergraduates, his friends and companions. His satire was keen, his wit cutting, and he soon converted into bitter enemies those who had been warm friends. Capel, who was by one year his junior, expostulated with him, but in vain; he not only circulated his satires in private, but had them printed and sold publicly, devoting the profits—and they were considerable—to purposes as degrading to himself as they were insulting to the university. They were lavished on all the disreputable females in the city.

As these poems were published anonymously, and the publisher refused to give up the name of the author, though Julio was strongly suspected, he could not be proved to be the writer of them, and thus escaped the punishment due to him. His company was gradually shunned by all the quiet, steady men, while with the rackets men he became a greater favorite than ever.

To gain a further insight into his character, let us view him *inter pocula* and amongst his companions.

His rooms, instead of maintaining the quiet aspect of a reading man's apartment, are shorn of their books and desks, and strewn with foils, gloves, singlesticks, guns, and tandem-whips. The walls are covered with sporting prints, caricatures, dead game, and game-cocks.

The table is covered with long-necked bottles and green glasses. No desert graces the board but devilled biscuits, olives, and other incentives to drinking;—not that Julio liked drinking—he abhorred it, but he drank to annoy the dons and the more prudent and moderate of his friends. Around it are seated some five or six of the fastest men in Oxford—not your mere riding, drinking, tandem-driving fools, who are capable of doing nothing else, but the cleverest men in their respective colleges—the idols of the public schools in which they were educated, and the hopes of their families who look to them to do honor to the race from which they have sprung. Among them is Capel, the only one of his quiet friends who has not deserted him in dread of his bad example.

"Come, come," shouted Julio, "this will never do, we are dull—we shall be scouted for dullness, and we shall deserve the scone. Fill—fill to the brim, and I'll give you a toast."

"All full—to the brim," cried the vice-president of the party. "Daylight has departed from our glasses."

"Well, then," said Julio, "my toast is, 'A bishopric to the Dean, lousy prebends in distant cathedrals to all the canons, a north-country living to the censor, and Botany Bay to the tutors; and so we shall be well rid of the whole lot.'"

"Hurrah!—hurrah!—ah—ah!"

"I, for one," said Capel, putting down his glass, "will not drink a toast so full of malice and vulgarity. A few months since, and you, Julio, would have perished ere you had given such a toast."

"Well, do as you will, Capel, you will not offend me. A few months since I was too much absorbed in Aristotle and Plato to think of other matters. I believed, then, that the study of the classics was worth pursuing—that the studious would be properly rewarded for their exertions—but now my eyes are opened, and I find that all is humbug and deceit."

"How mean you?" said Capel. "You ought to be the last to complain. Your exertions have met with success beyond your warmest expectations, and your success has been fully appreciated and rewarded by the very men whom you now abuse."

"Ay, to gain their own private ends—to get up the name of their college or house, as they in their pedantry call it, in order that they may fill their rooms, and so fill their pockets. Bah!—I see through it all," said Julio, as he again filled his glass. "Come, bumpers again! Capel, give us a toast in which we can join you."

"I will," said Capel; "I will fill to the brim, and see that our friends there do the same. Are you ready?"

"All—all!"

"Then here is to the health of the cleverest man of his day, and may he resume his reason in time enough to take the best class of the year. Julio Smithson! to you I drink—may I not be disappointed in my hopes!"

"Hip! hip! hip!—hurrah—ah—ah!"

"Thanks, many thanks," said Julio, rising, "to you, Capel, in particular, and to you, gentlemen, generally,—but I do not mean to try for a class—I shall go up for a pass, and take up the lowest books which the statutes admit of. I shall do it to annoy the university—more especially my own college. But they shall not triumph over me by pretending that I could not succeed, for I will assuredly try for—ay, and gain the Latin verse and the essay. But thanks to you for your good wishes, though I do not gain my class."

"But why not get your class?" was the general inquiry.

"Why not?—do you ask?" said Julio; how is merit rewarded by the university? Do they endeavor to promote the views of their most successful scholars in after life? No. They publish their fame in all the papers because, as I said before, it fills their colleges and halls, and in consequence, their pockets; but they leave the worn-out victim to the chances of his own ulterior exertions. The most they ever did, was to recommend him as tutor in some family, where, by cringing and fawning on the father of his hopeful pupil, he may get a family living of £300 per annum; or, if the governor be a ministerialist, a deanery; and in rare, very rare cases, a bishopric. Look at —, of —, where is he? Editing a magazine to enable him to gain his way to the bar. Where again is our friend —, of —? A curate in a country village, at £70 a year. Where are many of the best men of our own day? Where?—can any one answer me? No. It is a just reproach upon our universities that, beyond their own aggrandizement, they care not whether their men succeed or not."

"Shame—shame," said Capel. "You see things through a distorted medium now—why, I cannot tell."

"I have come to this determination," said Julio, smiling, "that there are only three things worth living for."

"What are they?" inquired the guests.

"Wine, women, and the power of abusing our sleek-faced rulers in this humdrum university," said Julio. "Fill to wine and women, and confusion to all dons and tutors."

The guests, excepting Capel, who took up his gown and cap and left the room, filled their glasses, and quaffed their claret to the toast, amidst shouts and screams of laughter.

In the absence of Capel, who exercised a salutary influence over him, though that influence was growing daily less, Julio, advanced many opinions and sentiments still more outrageous than any he had ventured to give vent to in the early part of the evening. His friends, filled with the juice of goodly Bordeaux, laughed at his sallies, and applauded his satirical remarks. They swore over the bottle to follow the example of their host. They agreed to disappoint the hopes of their friends and of their respective colleges; to leave off reading, and to take their degrees in a way which would bring disgrace on themselves, and crush their hopes of fame in the university. They were determined, as they expressed it, to floor the dons and damage the examinations.

Bottle followed bottle while these laudable resolutions were proposed and seconded, and the evening ended in a debauch, which produced the usual consequences—sick headaches, foul tongues, heated brains, and loss of appetite.

The examinations commenced, and Julio, who had been severely reprimanded by his college on several occasions, was as good as his word. He took up the lowest books allowed by the statutes, and answered in a most impertinent manner the questions that were put to him by the examiners. In his divinity, particularly, he behaved in so rude a manner, by thrusting his tongue into his cheek, and winking at the men with whom the gallery was crammed to suffocation, that one of the examiners addressed him, and told him, "That in spite of the credit he had conferred on the university by his previous successes, he should feel it his duty to refuse to proceed with his examination if he did not behave in a more gentlemanly manner."

This threat, which if it had been carried into effect, would have produced consequences equivalent to a *pluck*, produced the desired change in his behavior. His examination was soon over, and the examiners—there were four in those days—rose in a body, and the senior of them told him, "He might leave the schools, as they were satisfied with what he had done; but they begged publicly to express their regret and sorrow that he had not done as his abilities would have allowed him—taken the highest honors in the university."

"Is that all you have to say?" inquired Julio, looking at the examiners with a look of mock respect on his countenance.

"That is all," replied the one who had addressed him.

"Then I will not waste your valuable time longer," said Julio, leaving the table, tearing off his bands, and throwing his *soph's* hood at old Dodd, who stood near the schools' door.

The gallery was immediately cleared of undergraduates, who rushed into the schools' quad to congratulate "plucky Smithson" on having effectually floored the examiners.

This example, set by one so well known and popular in the university, did a serious injury among the young men, who thought it a very plucky thing to imitate the cleverest man of the day. They went up un-

prepared for their examinations, behaved themselves with great insolence in the schools, and were deservedly plucked, and in many instances sent away from college without *bene discessit* or *liceat migrare*. As the army and navy were closed against them, they who could not gain access to Dublin, or make interest with the Bishop of N—— for ordination as *literate*s, were ruined for life, or forced to seek means of livelihood annoying to themselves, and degrading to their aristocratic friends and relatives.

Nor was this the only injury—mischief, as Addison calls it—that Julio Smithson inflicted on his acquaintances. He professed to be an unbeliever, not a deist, but a downright atheist. He set up a school of his own, and gained many disciples among men who thought it grand to follow in the wake of such a first-rater as the Pride of Oxford—by which name Julio had long been known. To explain what his sentiments were, would not be fitting in the pages of a magazine—suffice it to say, he called religion priestcraft, and its ministers designing rogues.

Only two excuses can be alleged in Julio's favor—he was not yet nineteen years of age, and he had formed an intimacy with a man—a member of a minor college—whose father, a philosopher and lecturer in the sciences, had early instilled into him a contempt for every thing that could not be proved by mathematical demonstration.

Capel used his best endeavors, by precept and example, to rescue his friend from the deplorable state into which he had fallen, or been misled if you will. He found all arguments fruitless—all exertions vain. His solicitations only provoked a smile; his steadiness of principle and perseverance in good conduct and attention to his duties, were openly scoffed at and derided. Reluctantly, to save his own character from suspicion, he relinquished the society of his schoolfellow and early friend.

Amidst all the scenes of rioting and debauchery in which Julio revelled, he steadfastly adhered to his purpose of trying for and winning the prize essay and the Latin verse. After a night of drinking, he rose early, took a dose of some strong stimulus, and closing his oak, read and wrote for ten or twelve hours without cessation. No one dared to interrupt him, for he had proved upon one occasion that he was a dangerous man when thwarted.

One of his companions, by means of the scout's key, gained access to his rooms while he was busy writing. He brought with him a fine brace of pointers, which he had just purchased of Tom Webb, and begged him to come out with him and try them.

"I am busy," said Julio, "and will not go."

"Nonsense! old fellow—come, come along," said his friend, shaking him by the arm.

"I will not go, I tell you," shouted Julio.

"You shall," said his friend, trying to raise him from his reading-chair.

"By Heaven! this is too much! I will not stand this. I give you fair warning, that if you do not leave my rooms this moment, and take your accursed beasts with you, I will throw them out of window first, and you after them."

Julio rose as he said this, and looked as if he meant to do it. His friend burst out laughing, and before his laugh was over, the pointers lay struggling in the quadrangle in the agonies of death. He advanced to fulfil his threat by throwing their owner after them, but he, seeing that he was in earnest, wisely left the room as quickly as he could.

After this deed, which soon got wind, Julio was never annoyed while his oak was sported. He wrote hard, and he wrote successfully. The prizes were awarded to him—but instead of accepting the prizes and reading his compositions in the theatre at the commemoration, he wrote a most insolent letter to the Dean and to the Vice-chancellor, telling them he was quite satisfied with showing them that he could win the prizes if he chose, but that they might give the rewards to the second best; that he despised them as much as he did the university that had the power of conferring them.

The Vice-chancellor and the Dean were both determined to visit this insolence with expulsion. They sent for him, but he had left Oxford: and taken his name from the books of his college—an example that was soon followed by all of his "school" who could afford to do so, or were reckless of consequences.

With his aunts in Bristol he did not remain long. In the few weeks he was with them, he contrived to alarm and disgust them by the freedom of his manners, and the sentiments to which he gave utterance. He sought refuge in London, where he soon met with some "kindred souls." He became a contributor to the most violent and vile publications of the day. These at length discarded him, as they dreaded a prosecution from the government whom he abused, and a loss of sale from the blasphemies which he wished to be inserted.

Thus thrown upon himself, he established a magazine, and put himself at the head of a small, but wicked set of men, who formed a conspiracy against the minister of the day, whom they intended to murder. The design was frustrated by the vigilance of the police, and several of the conspirators were seized and hanged. Julio escaped in the dress of a Quaker, aboard a vessel bound for America. He did not long survive to indulge in his open abuse of the mother-country, but was killed in a duel by an English officer whom he had offended, by calling him "a base sycophant and a paltry truckler to those set in authority over him."

Thus terminated the career of one who might have been an honor to his friends and to his country. Such were the results of "TALENTS MIS-APPLIED."



## MY OWN COTTAGE HOME.

## A BALLAD.

THE WORDS BY H. HASTINGS WELD—MUSIC BY T. CONER.

*p*

Pride and am - bi - tion still tor - ment the

*p*

Sweet is our hum - ble lot, know - ing no

*f* *p*

great, While guilt and re - pent - ance in pal - aces a - wait; Cheat - ed by

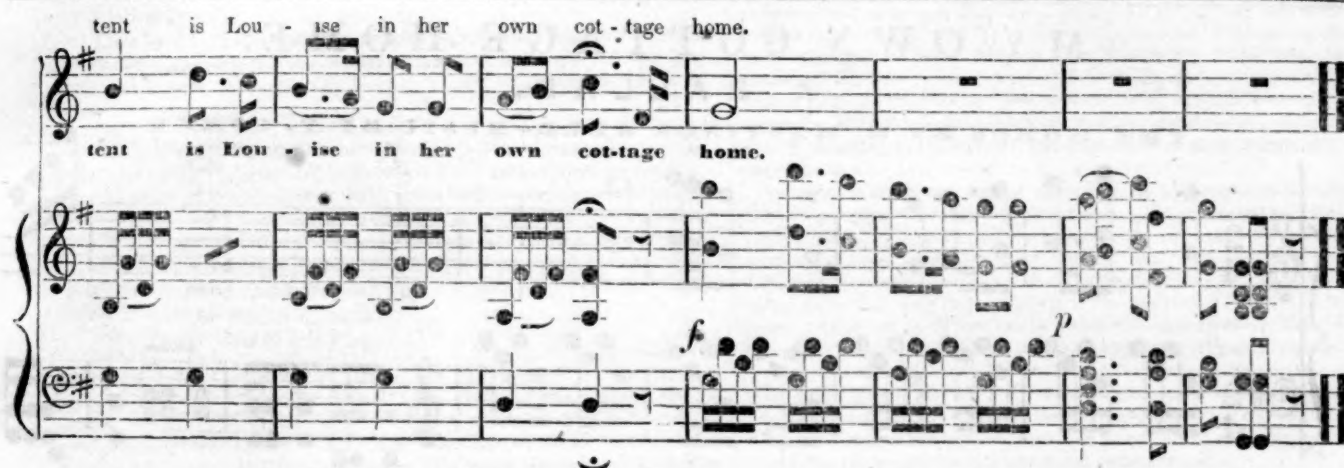
care, Our plea - sures are harm - less and sim - ple our fare. Cheat - ed by

*f*

gau - dy dreams, oth - ers may roam, Con - tent is Lou - ise in her own cot - tage home, Con -

*p*

gau - dy dreams, oth - ers may roam, Con - tent is Lou - ise in her own cot - tage home, Con -



From Bulwer's newly published Poems.

### EVA:

#### A TRUE STORY OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

THE Author has to thank an American gentleman for the beautiful story, (related also by Mr. Combe in one of his lectures) to which the poem owes its origin.

#### I.

##### *The Maiden's Home.*

A COTTAGE in a peaceful vale;  
A jasmine round the door;  
A hill to shelter from the gale;  
A silver brook before.  
Oh sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,  
In mornings soft with May,  
And sweet in summer's silent glow,  
The brooklet's merry play;  
But sweeter in that lonely place  
To God it must have been,  
To see the Maiden's happy face  
That blessed the home within!  
Without the porch, you heard at noon  
A voice that sang for glee;  
Or marked the white neck glancing down,—  
The book upon the knee—

#### II.

##### *The Idiot Boy.*

Who stands between thee and the sun?  
A cloud himself,—the Wandering one!  
A vacant wonder in the eyes,—  
The mind, a blank, unwritten scroll;  
The light was in the laughing skies,  
And darkness in the Idiot's soul.  
He touched the book upon her knee—  
He looked into her gentle face—  
"Thou dost not tremble, maid, to see,  
Poor Arthur by thy dwelling-place.  
I know not why, but where I pass  
The aged turn away;  
And if my shadow vex the grass,  
The children cease from play.  
My only playmates are the wind,  
The blossom on the bough!  
Why are thy looks so soft and kind?  
Thou dost not tremble—thou!"  
Though none were by, she trembled not—  
Too meek to wound, too good to fear him;  
And, as she lingered on the spot,  
She hid the tears that gush'd to hear him.

#### III.

##### *Prayer of Arthur's Father.*

"O Maiden!"—thus the sire began—  
"O Maiden, do not scorn my prayer:  
I have a hapless idiot-son,  
To all my wealth the only heir;  
And day by day, in shine or rain,  
He wanders forth, to gaze again  
Upon those eyes, whose looks of kindness

Sull haunt him in his world of blindness.  
A sunless world!—all arts to yield  
Light to the mind from childhood seal'd  
Have been explored in vain.  
Few are his joys on earth;—above,  
For every ill a cure is given—  
God grant me life to cheer with love,  
The wanderer's guileless path to heaven."  
He paused—his heart was full—"And now,  
What brings the suppliant father here?  
Yes, few the joys that life bestows  
On him whose life is but repose—  
One night, from year to year;  
Yet not so dark, O Maid, if thou  
Couldst bear that harmless joy to see,  
Which smiles the shadow from his face,  
When ear can catch or eye can trace  
A tone—a glimpse—of thee;  
The mournful presence couldst endure,  
Nor shun the steps thy looks allure,—  
Couldst"—Eva's father, from her brow  
Parted the golden locks, descending  
To veil the sweet face, downwards bending,  
And, pointing to the swimming eyes,  
The dew-drops glist'ning on the cheek,  
"Mourner!" the happier father cries,  
"These tears her answer speak!"

Oh, sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,  
In mornings soft with May;  
And sweet in summer's silent glow,  
The brooklet's merry play;  
But sweeter, in that lonely place,  
To God it must have been  
The soul that lit the maiden's face—  
Soul watching Soul within.

#### IV.

##### *The Young Teacher.*

Of wonders on the land and deeps  
She spoke, and glories in the sky—  
The Eternal life the father keeps,  
For those who learn from Him to die.  
So simply did the maiden speak—  
So simply and so earnestly,  
You saw the light begin to break,  
And Soul the Heaven to see;  
You saw how slowly day by day,  
The darksome waters caught the ray,  
Confused and broken—come and gone—  
The beams as yet uncertain are,  
But still the billows murmur on,  
And struggle for the star.

#### V.

##### *The Stranger-Suitor.*

There came to Eva's maiden home—  
A Stranger from a sunnier clime;  
The lore that Hellas taught to Rome,  
The wealth that Wisdom works from Time,  
Which ever in its ebb and flow,



Heaves to the seeker on the shore  
The waifs of glorious wrecks below—  
The argosies of yore;—  
Each gem that in that dark profound  
The Past,—the Student's soul can find;  
Shone from his thought, and sparkled round  
The Enchanted Palace of the Mind.  
In man's best years, his form was fair,  
Broad brow with hyacinth locks of hair;  
A port, though stately, not severe;  
An eye that could the heart control;  
A voice whose music to the ear,  
Became a memory to the soul.  
It seem'd as Nature's hand had done  
Her most to mould her kingly son;  
But oft beneath the sunlit Nile  
The grim destroyer waits its prey,  
And dark below that fatal smile,  
The lurking demon lay.

How trustful in the leafy June,  
She roved with him the lonely vale;  
How trustful by the tender moon,  
She blush'd to hear a tenderer tale.  
O happy Earth! the dawn revives,  
Day after day, each drooping flower—  
Time to the heart *once* only gives  
The joyous Morning-Hour.  
To him—oh, wilt thou pledge thy youth,  
For whom the world's false bloom is o'er?  
My heart shall haven in thy truth,  
And tempt the faithless wave no more.  
In my far land, a sun more bright  
Sheds rose-hues o'er a tideless sea;  
But cold the wave, and dull the light,  
Without the sunshine found in thee.  
Say, wilt thou come, the Stranger's bride,  
To that bright land and tideless sea?

There is no sun but by thy side—  
My life's whole sunshine smiles in thee!"

Her hand lay trembling on his arm,  
Averted glow'd the happy face;  
A softer hue, a mightier charm,  
Grew mellowing o'er the hour—the place;  
Along the breathing woodlands moved  
A PRESENCE dream-like and divine—  
How sweet to love and be beloved,  
To lean upon a heart that's thine!  
Silence was o'er the earth and sky—  
By silence Love is answered best—  
Her answer was the downcast eye,  
The rose-cheek pillow'd on his breast.  
What rustles through the moonlit brake?  
What sudden spectre meets their gaze?  
What face, the hues of life forsake,  
Gleams ghost-like in the ghostly rays?  
You might have heard his heart that beat,  
So heaving rose its heavy swell—  
*No more the Idiot*—at her feet,  
The Dark One, roused to reason, fell.  
Loos'd the last link that thrall'd the thought,  
The lightning broke upon the blind—  
The jealous love the cure had wrought,  
The Heart in waking woke the Mind.

## VI.

*The Marriage.*

To and fro the church bell swinging,  
Cheerily, clearly, to and fro;  
Gaily go the young girls bringing  
Flowers the fairest June may know.  
Maiden, flowers that bloom'd and perished  
Strew'd thy path the bridal day;  
May the Hope thy soul has cherished,  
Bloom when these are past away!  
The Father's parting prayer is said,  
The daughter's parting kiss is given;  
The tears a happy bride may shed,  
Like sun-showers scarcely cloud her heaven;  
Or if a cloud,—how soon appears  
An Iris calling smiles from tears!

## VII.

*The Hermit.*

Years fly; beneath the yew-tree's shade  
Thy father's holy dust is laid;  
The brook glides on, the jasmine blows;  
But where art thou, the wandering wife,  
And what the bliss, and what the woes,  
Glass'd in the mirror-sleep of life?  
For whether life may laugh or weep,  
Death the true waking—life the sleep.  
None know! afar, unheard, unseen—  
The present heeds not what has been.  
Whirl'd in the gulf that thunders on,  
The floating raft forgets the gone.  
But all, perchance, *one* heart may find,  
Where Memory lives, a saint enshrined—  
Some altar-hearth, in which our shade  
The Household-god of Thought is made;  
And each slight relic hoarded yet  
With faith more solemn than regret.  
Who tenants thy forsaken cot—  
Who tends thy childhood's favorite flowers—  
Who wakes, from every haunted spot,  
The Ghosts of vanish'd Hours?  
'Tis He whose sense was doom'd to borrow  
From thee the Vision and the Sorrow—  
To whom the Reason's golden ray,  
In the Heart's Anguish-storm was given  
The peal that rent the clouds away  
Left clear the silent face of heaven!  
And wealth was his, and gentle birth,  
A form in fair proportions cast;  
But lonely still he walk'd the earth—  
The Hermit of the Past.  
It was not love—that dream was o'er!  
No stormy grief, no wild emotion;  
For oft, what once was Love of yore,  
The Memory soothes into Devotion!  
He bought the cot:—The garden flowers—  
The haunts his Eva's steps had trod,  
Books—thought—beguiled the lonely hours,  
That flow'd in peaceful waves to God.

## VIII.

*Desertion.*

She sits, a Statue of Despair,  
In that far land, by that bright sea;  
She sits, a Statue of Despair,  
Whose smile an Angel seem'd to be—  
An angel that could never die,  
Its home the heaven of that blue eye!  
The smile is gone for ever there—  
She sits, the Statue of Despair!  
She knows it all—the hideous tale—  
The wrong, the perjury, and the shame;—  
Before the bride had left her vale,  
Another bore the nuptial name;  
Another lives to claim the hand  
Whose clasp, the while it thrill'd, defiled:  
Another lives, O God, to brand  
The Bastard's curse upon her child!  
ANOTHER!—through all space she saw  
The face that mock'd the unwedded mother's!  
In every voice she heard the Law,  
That cried, "Thou hast usurp'd another's!"  
And who the horror first had told?  
From *his* false lips in scorn it came—  
"Thy charms grow dim, my love grows cold;  
My sails are spread—Farewell."  
Rigid in voiceless marble there—  
Come, sculptor, come—behold Despair!  
The infant woke from feverish rest—  
Its smile she sees, its voice she hears—  
The marble melted from the breast,  
And all the Mother gush'd in tears.

## IX.

*The Infant Burial.*

To and fro the church-bell swinging,  
Heavily heaving to and fro;  
Sadly go the mourners, bringing

Dust to join the dust below.  
 Through the church aisle, lighted dim,  
 Chaunted knells the ghostly hymn,  
*Dies ira, dies illa,*  
*Solvat sæclum in favilla!*  
 Mother! flowers that bloom'd and perish'd  
 Strew'd thy path the bridal day;  
 Now the bud thy grief has cherish'd,  
 With the rest has pass'd away!  
 Leaf that fadeth—bud that bloometh,  
 Mingled there, must wait the day  
 When the seed the grave entombeth  
 Bursts to glory from the clay.  
*Dies ira, dies illa,*  
*Solvat sæclum in favilla!*  
 Happy are the old that die,  
 With the sins of life repented;  
 Happier they whose parting sigh  
 Breaks a heart, from sin prevented!  
 Let the earth thine infant cover  
 From the cares the living know;  
 Happier than the guilty lover—  
 Memory is at rest below!  
 Memory, like a fiend, shall follow,  
 Night and day, the steps of Crime;  
 Hark! the church-bell, dull and hollow,  
 Shakes another sand from time!  
 Through the church-aisle, lighted dim,  
 Chaunted knells the ghostly hymn;  
 Hear it, False One, where thou fliest,  
 Shriek to hear it when thou diest—  
*Dies ira, dies illa,*  
*Solvat sæclum in favilla!*

x.

*The Return.*

The cottage in the peaceful vale,  
 The jasmine round the door,  
 The hill still shelters from the gale,  
 The brook still glides before.  
 Without the porch, one summer noon,  
 The Hermit-dweller see!  
 In musing silence bending down,  
 The book upon his knee.  
 Who stands between thee and the sun?—  
 A cloud herself,—the Wand'ring One!—  
 A vacant sadness in the eyes,  
 The mind a raz'd, defeatured scroll;  
 The light is in the laughing skies,  
 And darkness, Eva, in thy soul!  
 The beacon shaken in the storm,  
 Had struggled still to gleam above  
 The last sad wreck of human love,  
 Upon the dying child to shed  
 One ray—extinguish'd with the dead:  
 O'er earth and heaven then rush'd the night  
 A wandering dream, a mindless form—  
 A Star hurl'd headlong from its height,  
 Guideless its course, and quench'd its light.  
 Yet still the native instinct stir'd  
 The darkness of the breast—  
 She flies, as flies the wounded bird,  
 Unto the distant nest.  
 O'er hill and waste, from land to land,  
 Her heart the faithful instinct bore;  
 And there, behold the Wanderer stand  
 Beside her Childhood's Home once more!

xi.

*Light and Darkness.*

When earth is fair and winds are still,  
 When sunset gilds the western hill,  
 Oft by the porch, with jasmine sweet,  
 Or by the brook with noiseless feet,  
 Two silent forms are seen;  
 So silent they—the place so lone—  
 They seem like souls, when life is gone,  
 That haunt where life has been:  
 And his to watch, as in the past  
 Her soul had watch'd his soul.  
 Alas! her darkness waits the last,  
 The grave, the only goal!

It is not what the leech can cure—  
 An erring chord, a jarring madness:  
 A calm so deep, it must endure—  
 So deep, thou scarce canst call it sadness;  
 A summer night, whose shadows fall  
 Gently—but o'er the wrecks of all.  
 Yet, through the gloom, she seem'd to feel  
 His presence like a happier air,  
 Close by his side she lov'd to steal,  
 As if no ill could harm her there!  
 And when her looks his own would seek,  
 Some memory seem'd to wake the sigh,  
 Strive for kind words she could not speak,  
 And bless him in the tearful eye.  
 O sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,  
 In mornings soft with May,  
 And sweet in summer's silent glow,  
 The brooklet's merry play;  
 But sweeter in that lonely place,  
 To God it must have been,  
 The soul that lit the Hermit's face,  
 Soul watching Soul within!

## THE LOVE LETTER.

As grains of gold that in the sands  
 Of Lydian waters shine,  
 The welcome sign of mountain lands  
 That veil the silent mine—  
 Thus may the River of my Thought,  
 That glideth now to thee,  
 Reveal the wealth as yet unwrought,  
 Which Love has heap'd in me!  
 So strove I to enrich the scroll  
 To thy dear hands consign'd;  
 I thought to leave the lavish soul  
 No golden wish behind!  
 Ah, Fool! to think an hour could drain  
 What life can scarce explore—  
 Enough, if guided by the grain,  
 Thy heart should seek the ore!

## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

FROM Heaven, what fancy stole  
 The dream of some good spirit, aye at hand,  
 The seraph whispering to the exiled soul  
 Tales of its native land?  
 Who to the cradle gave  
 The unseen Watcher by the Mother's side,  
 Born with the birth and journeying to the grave,  
 The holy Angel-guide?  
 Is it a Fable?—No!  
 I heard Love answer from the sunlit air,  
 "Still where my presence lights the darkness, know  
 Life's Angel-guide is there!"—  
 Is it a Fable?—Hark!  
 FAITH answers, from the blue vault's farthest star,  
 "I am the Pilot of thy wandering bark,  
 Thy guide to shores afar!"  
 Is it a Fable?—Sweet,  
 From wave, from air, from every forest-tree,  
 The murmur spoke—"Each thing thine eyes can greet  
 An Angel-guide can be!"  
 "From myriads take thy choice,  
 In all that lives a guide to God is given;  
 Ever thou hear'st some Angel-guardian's voice  
 When Nature speaks of Heaven!"

SYMPATHETIC INK.—The following application of a chemical discovery affords a sympathetic ink very far superior to any, as yet, in use. Dissolve a small quantity of starch in a saucer with soft water, and use the liquid like common ink; when dry no trace of the writing will appear upon the paper, and the letters can be developed only by a solution of iodine in alcohol when they will appear of a deep purple colour, which will not be effaced until long exposure to the atmosphere. So permanent are the traces left by the starch that they cannot (when dry) be effaced by Indian rubber, and in another case, a letter which had been carried in the pocket for a fortnight had the secret characters displayed at once, by being very slightly moistened with the above-mentioned preparation.







The Maestro suppressing an insurrection.

*El Maestro del Campo.*